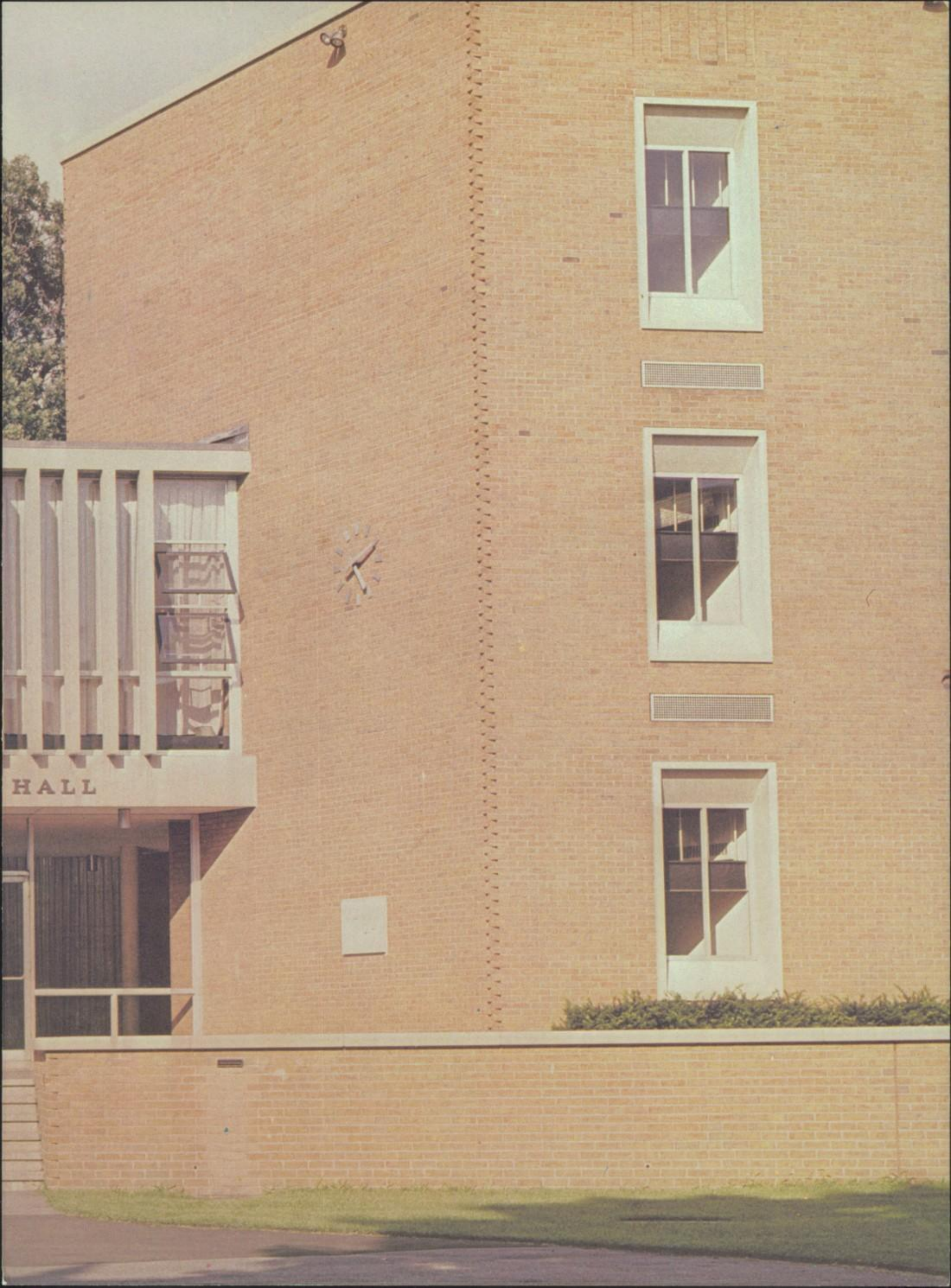
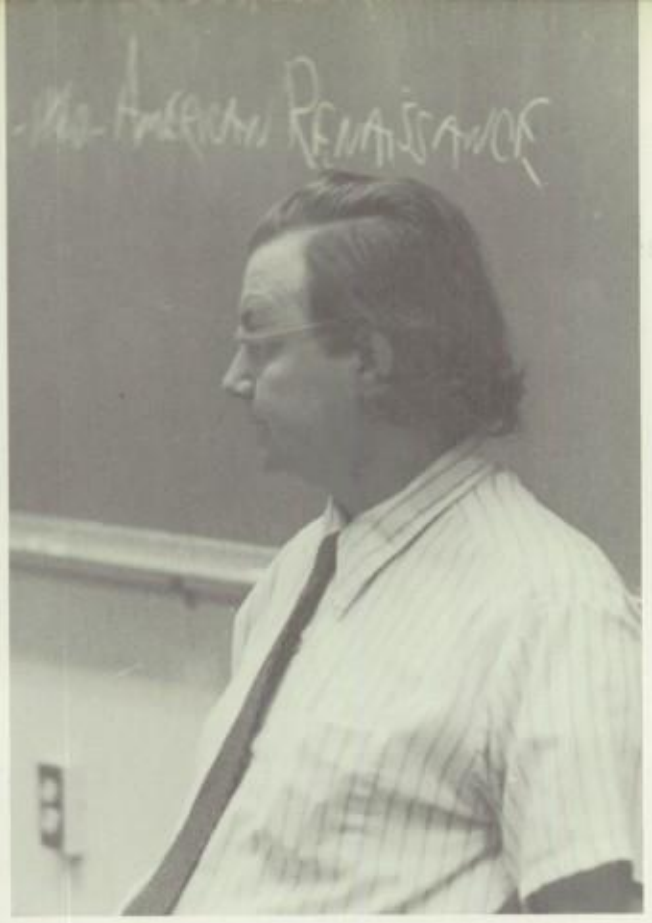
GYRE

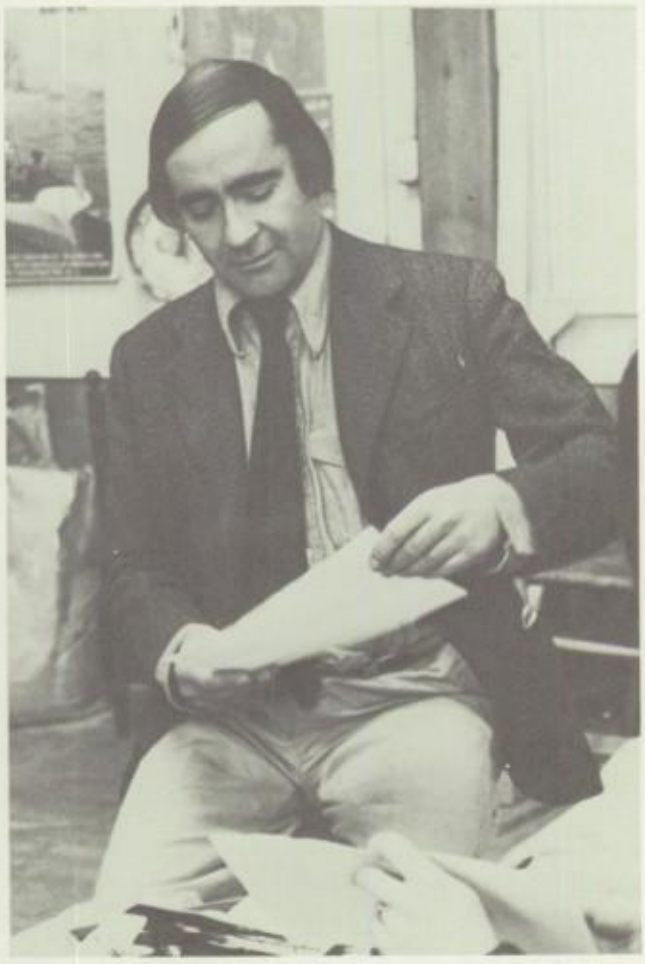
Virginia Rocchio


HALL

GYRE 1973

THE MARY C. WHEELER SCHOOL PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND





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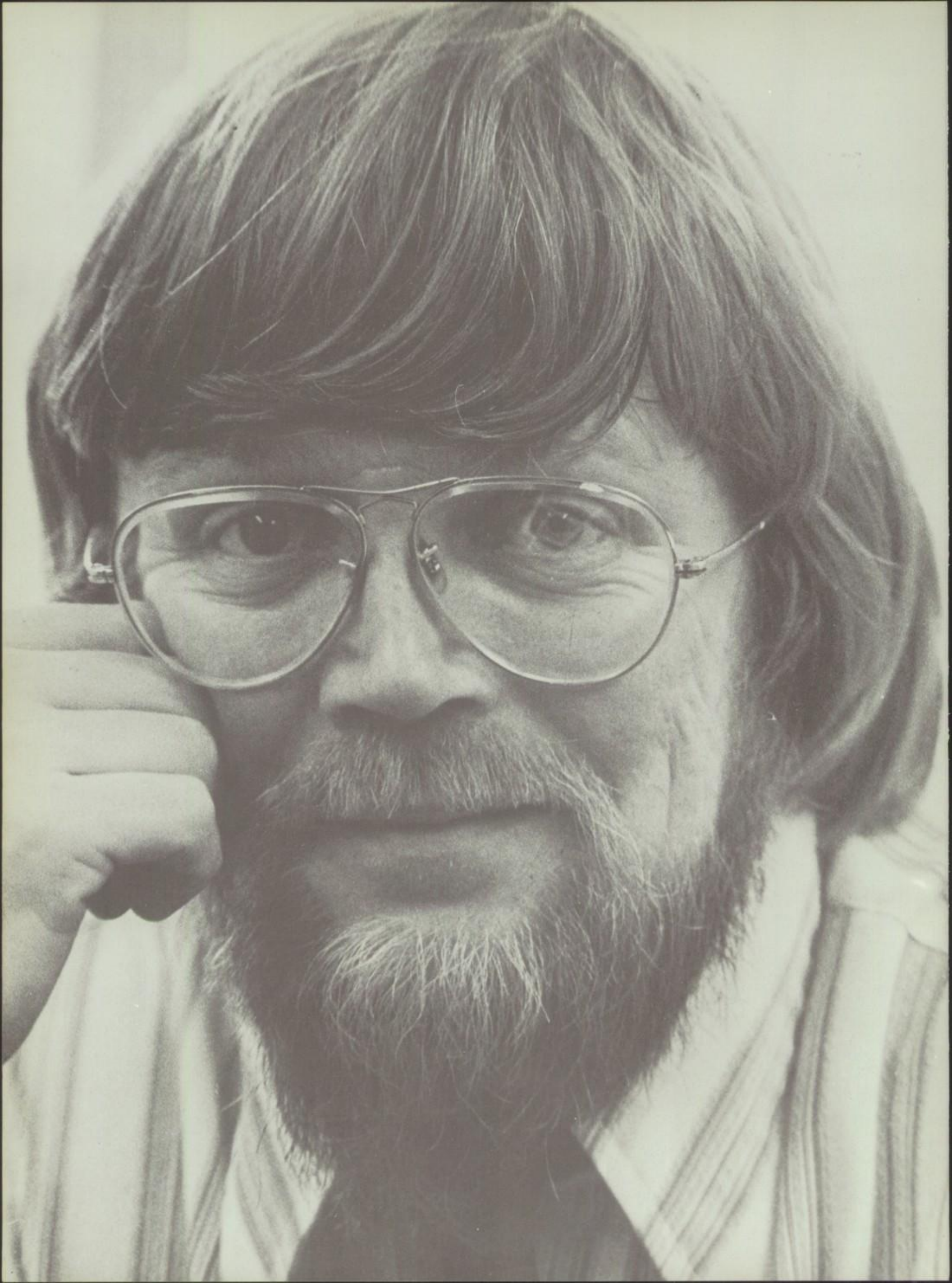
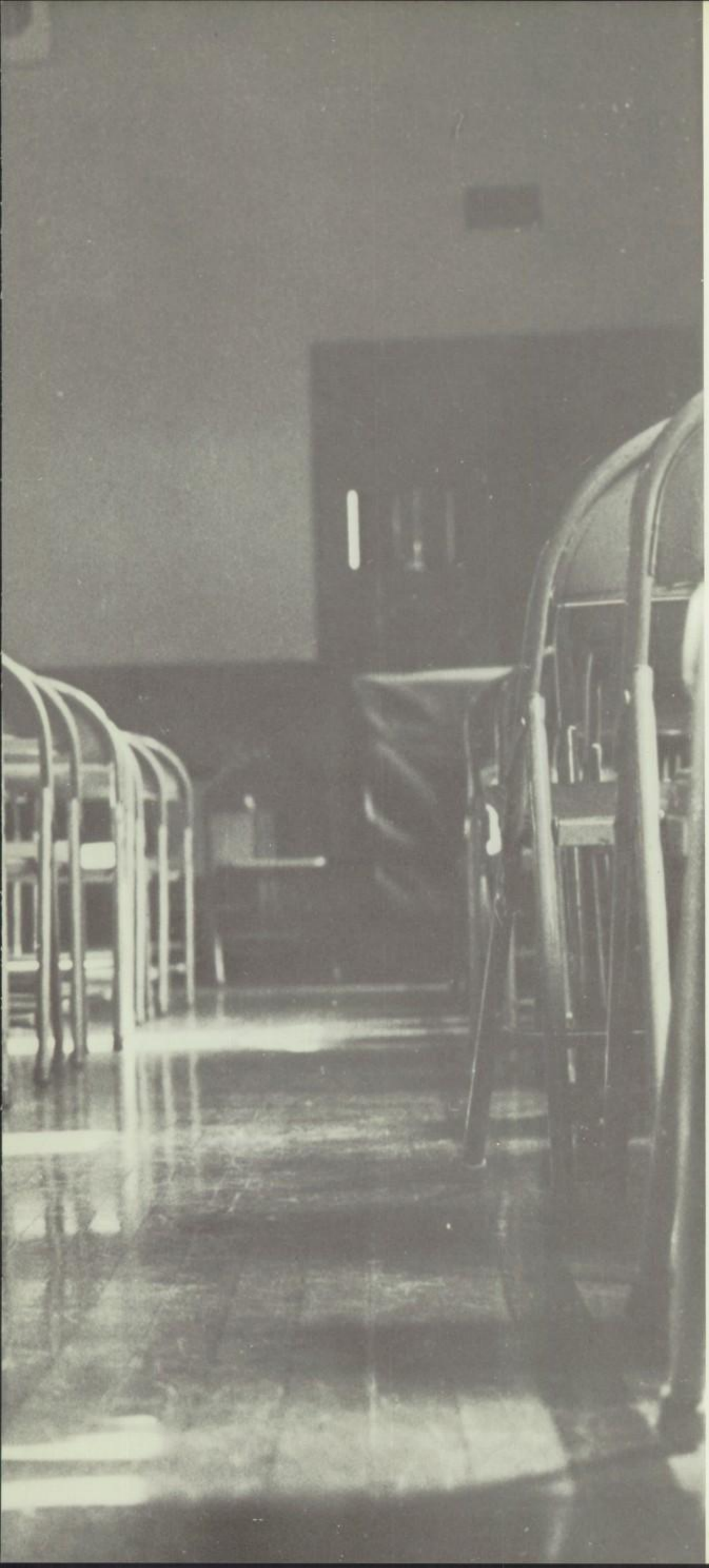


To Mr. Stephen Booth,

Many are the memories of your informative classes; your attempts to instruct us on the proper mode of writing and your patient help and understanding throughout our last years at Wheeler.

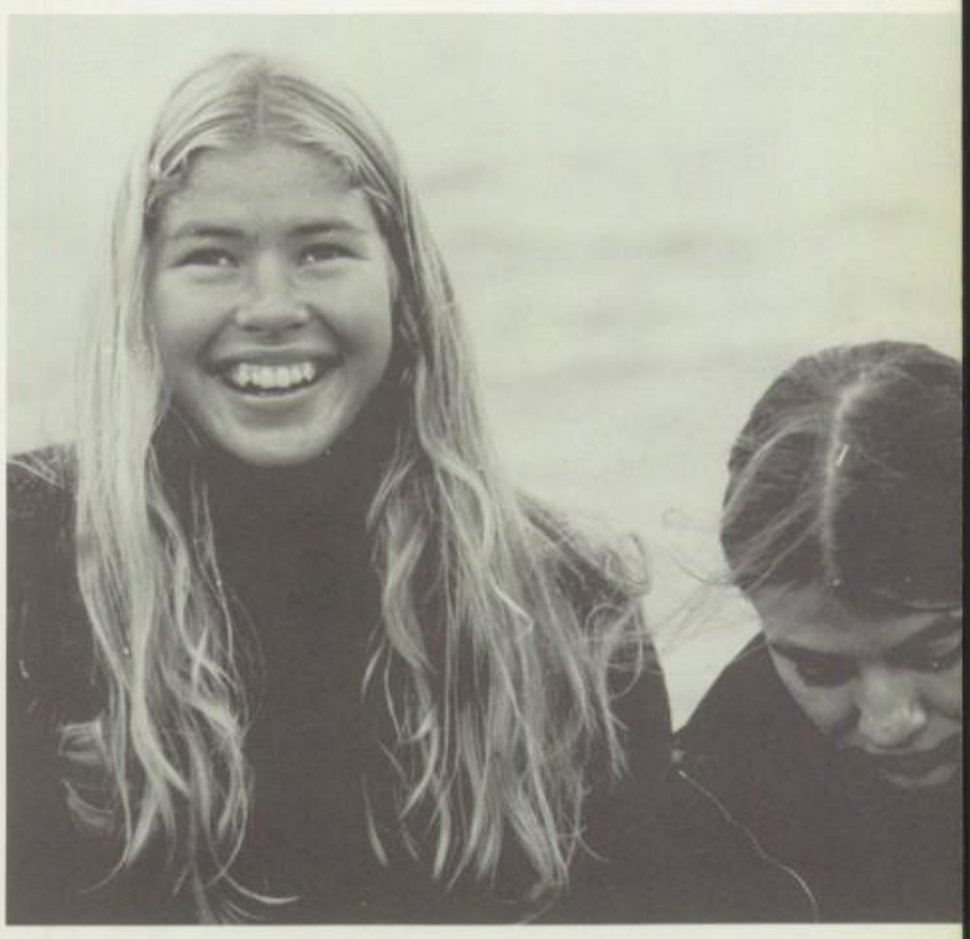
To you, we the angelic, intelligent (?) class of '73, dedicate this yearbook.

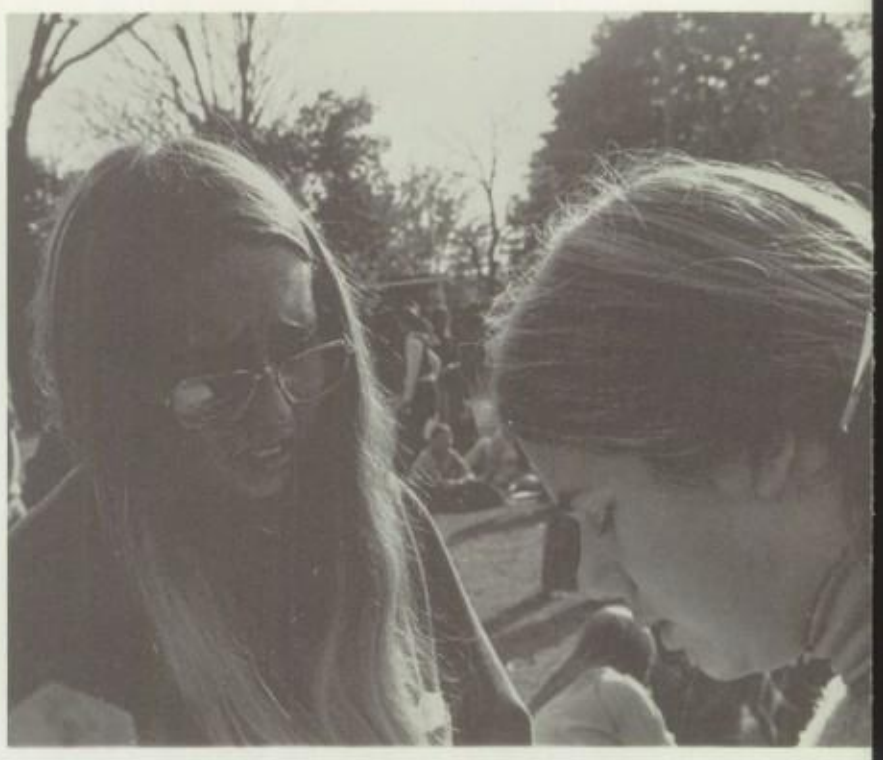


Returning from places that perhaps we would rather not leave, from sunshine and sand or from cool mountain greenery or from trips to far off spots around the globe or from jobs that gave us a chance to be on our own, we entered Wheeler Hall with mixed feelings. The sunlight which glared from the sickly tan and hard metal chairs did little to brighten the dark and woody gloom. We sat in the stench of new wax and tried to sort Mr. Madden, Mr. Vibert, and Nancy from the tangle of white backboard, varnished podium, and fading green curtain. But it was our last year, and we had business to take care of. There were challenges to tackle and friendships to build. If it all turned out to have some pleasure and satisfaction, too — so much the better.

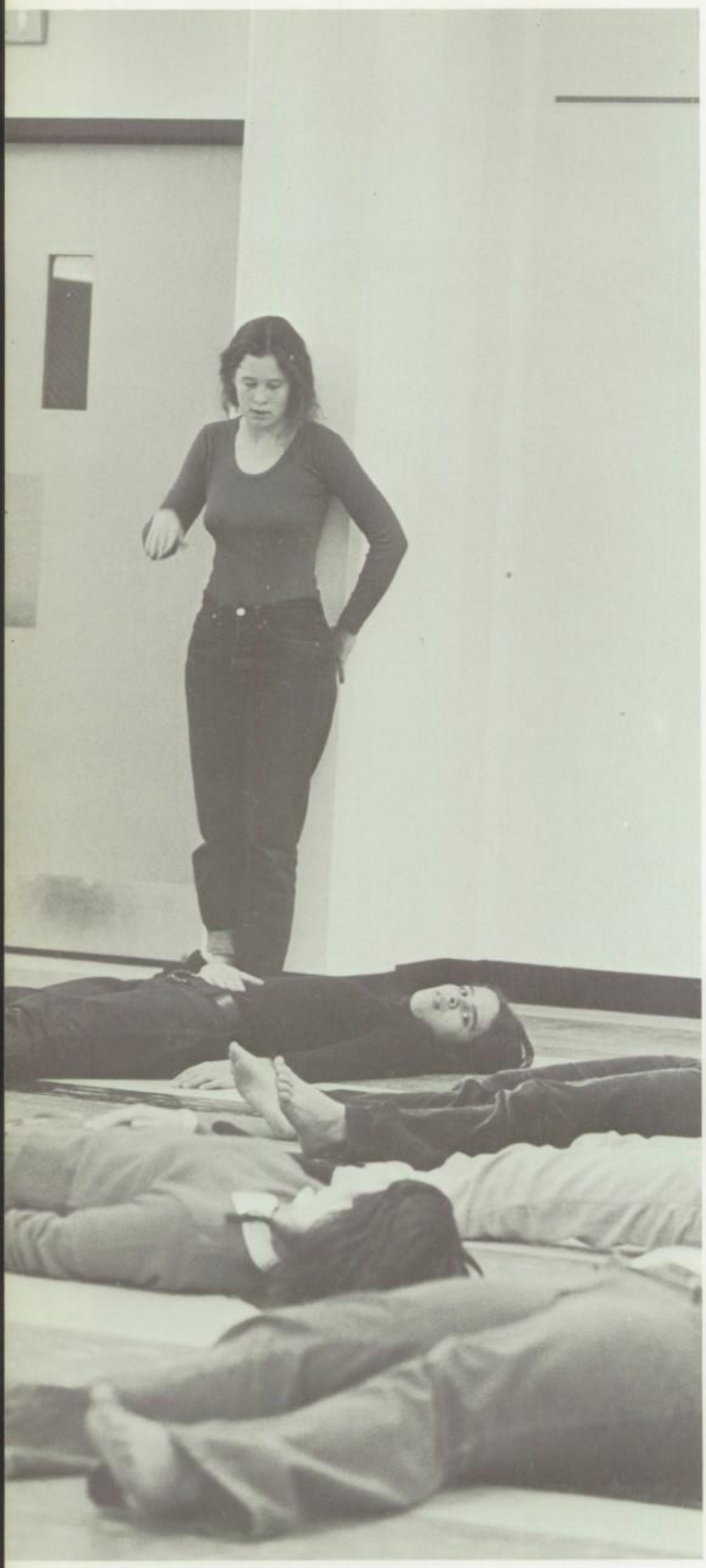
Once we got back into the routine, the Wheeler world grew easier to take. Along with the old, there were some new faces on the faculty. As usual, not all of them had something for us, and some of the books were a bit much, but on the whole it was better than we remembered. The science department went on a field trip binge, so it was back to the beaches again. Even Mr. Madden got into the act with a course in law.

And when the routine began to drag, we could opt for other things. There was still the sun, and out on Cabot Street Frenchy still waited with cool. In the senior room there were cards, coffee, and talk. Later on there was even a pool table, but that was after the white knight closed us down for flunking our sanitation test.





Then came that October afternoon when we went to the farm for Jamboree. It's a good place to sit and relax after games and such. It was our turn to hide in the woods and be caught for Purple and Gold points. It's pretty by the pond in the evening. Faculty kids and dogs are always almost in trouble. Sal and the boys turn out decent hamburgers, for having to do for so many so far from the kitchen. After Sam and Mase called the teams down, it was sing along time again. After that, there was nothing left but Miss Fulmer and her cycle.



It wasn't very long before some new and interesting things began to happen. Nancy Buell started the student creative workshop because she wanted to get people interested in acting, and pretty soon they were producing little bits from a pamphlet called *Twink* for the kids in the lower School. Mr. Shaw arrived with camera and darkroom know-how, and soon the magic boxes appeared on every hand. And traffic jams in and around the darkroom boggled the imagination.

Halloween was, of course, one of many good excuses for a party, a time for people to dress up and share food and laughs. As usual, we didn't have to plead with *The Group* to get them to entertain us. Most of the disguises were easy enough to see through, but can anyone find a nurse in the house?

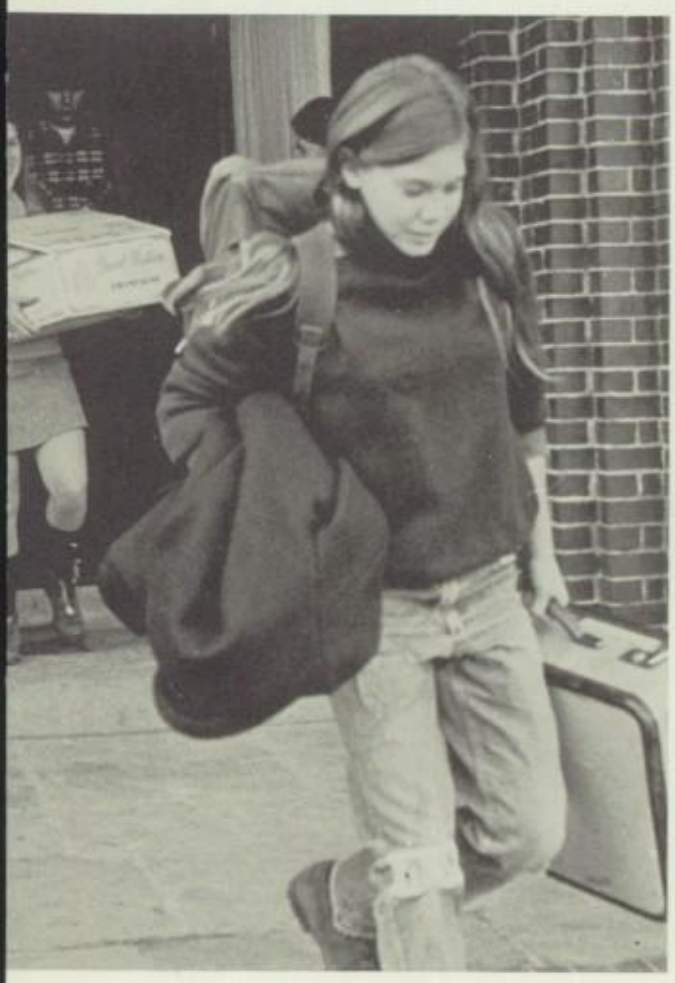
Led by such stalwarts as Judy Bruno, Kim Woodbridge, Dee Dee Cummings, Sam Theibert, Wendy Harte, and Sarah Burns, our field Hockey team walked away with the Eastern Division title, and then defeated Western Division leader North Kingston in the play-offs to bring home the state championship.

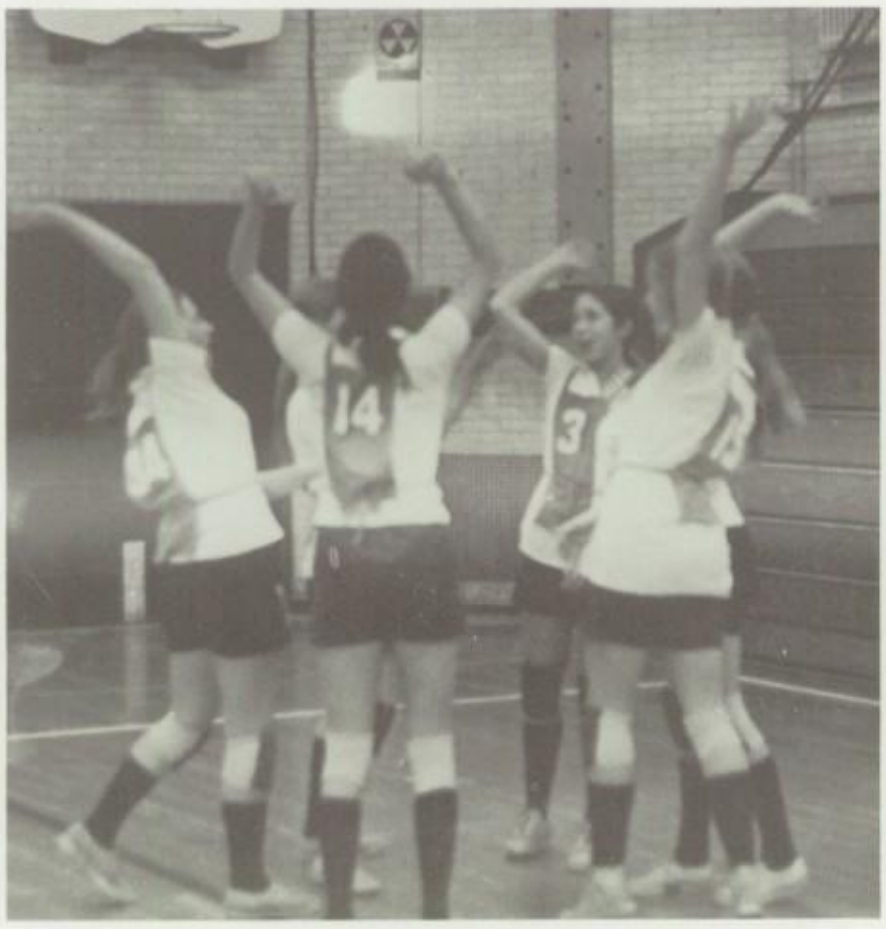
In the annual Pingree game we won the Burrall Bowl, but at the same time we were disappointed because they held us to a 1-1 tie, the only one of the season, even though we bombarded their goal with shots.

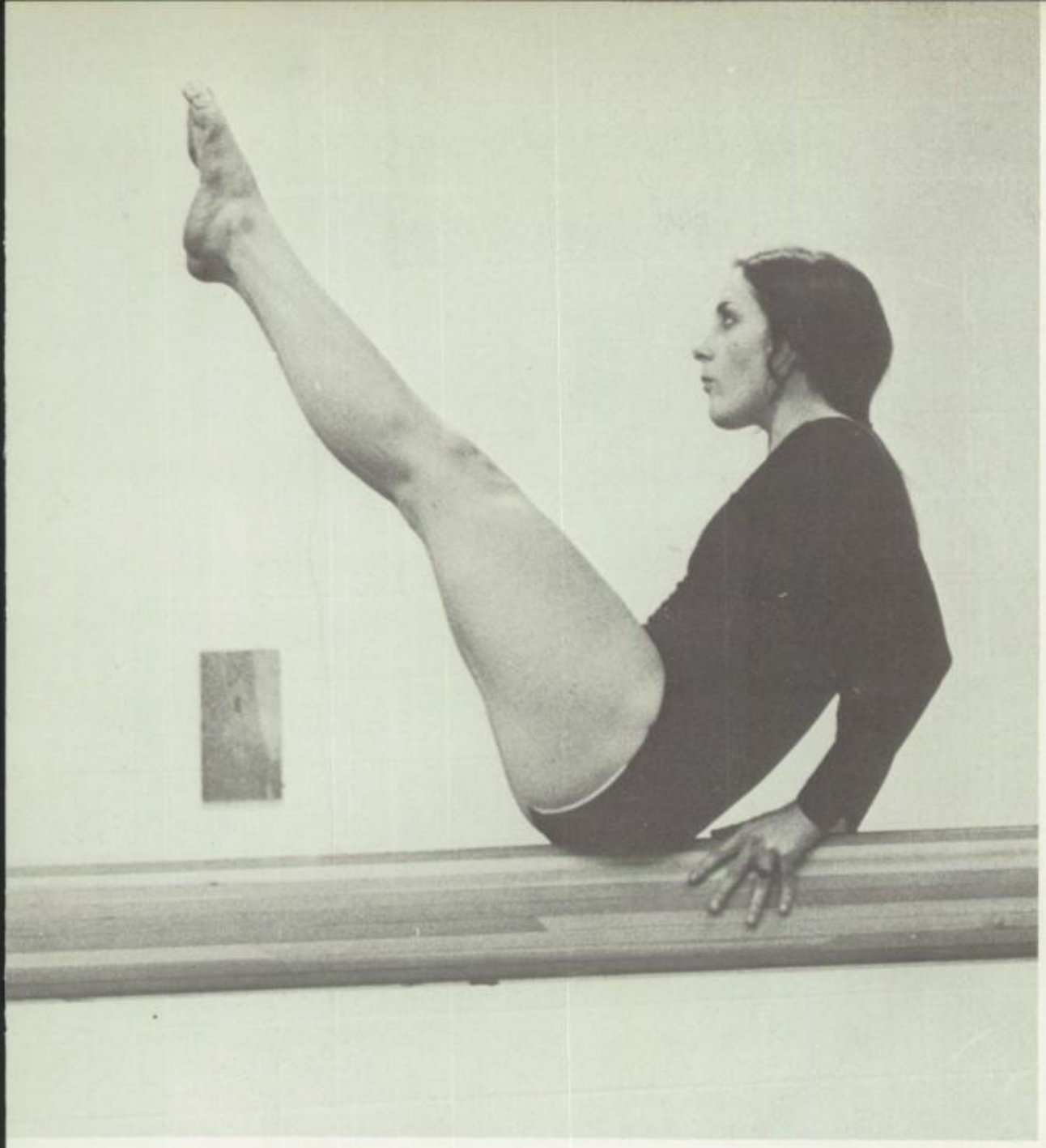
Drama continued to expand at Wheeler as Mr. Faxon, Nancy Buell, and Martha Chason pushed for more and bigger productions. In the fall students produced *The Chalk Garden* by Enid Bagnold, starring Sarah Ferris as Madrigal, Abby Weisberg as Mrs. St. Maugham, Lori Versaci as Laurel, and Jack Moore as Maitland. Proceeds from the productions were used to strengthen the technical facilities for Wheeler theater. In the winter, we tackled an even more difficult project when we decided to do the musical, *Cabaret* .

Maybe, all that the publications at Wheeler needed was a place to park. The school finally gave them a room all to themselves up on the second floor of Angell, and things started to look up. *The Quill,* which had been a dead number last year came out with its first issue before Christmas. Liz Herbert and her staff with Mr. Shaw put together a magazine which revealed the impact of photography and art in the school as well as greater encouragement of creative writing. *The Spoke* didn't come out any more frequently this year, but it began to look like a newspaper and threatened to begin to act like one too. Nooky Pages, Ann West, Mr. Booth, and Mrs. Shapiro learned to respect the amount of copy it takes to fill out a newspaper. Sarah Ferris stormed around all fall trying to convince us that she would put out the *Gyre* before graduation, but the last we heard she and Mr. Booth were still up there working on it.

When that last day before Christmas vacation arrived, we were primed and ready to head out; all the suitcases were packed and stashed behind the doors. Classes were short lived, of course; and when we met in the gym we were shocked to discover that the wheels on Santa's sleigh squeaked, that his reindeer were soft and flabby and that his only elf wore a ratty nightcap and smoked all the time. We went to a pageant over at the "Congo" and that was that.





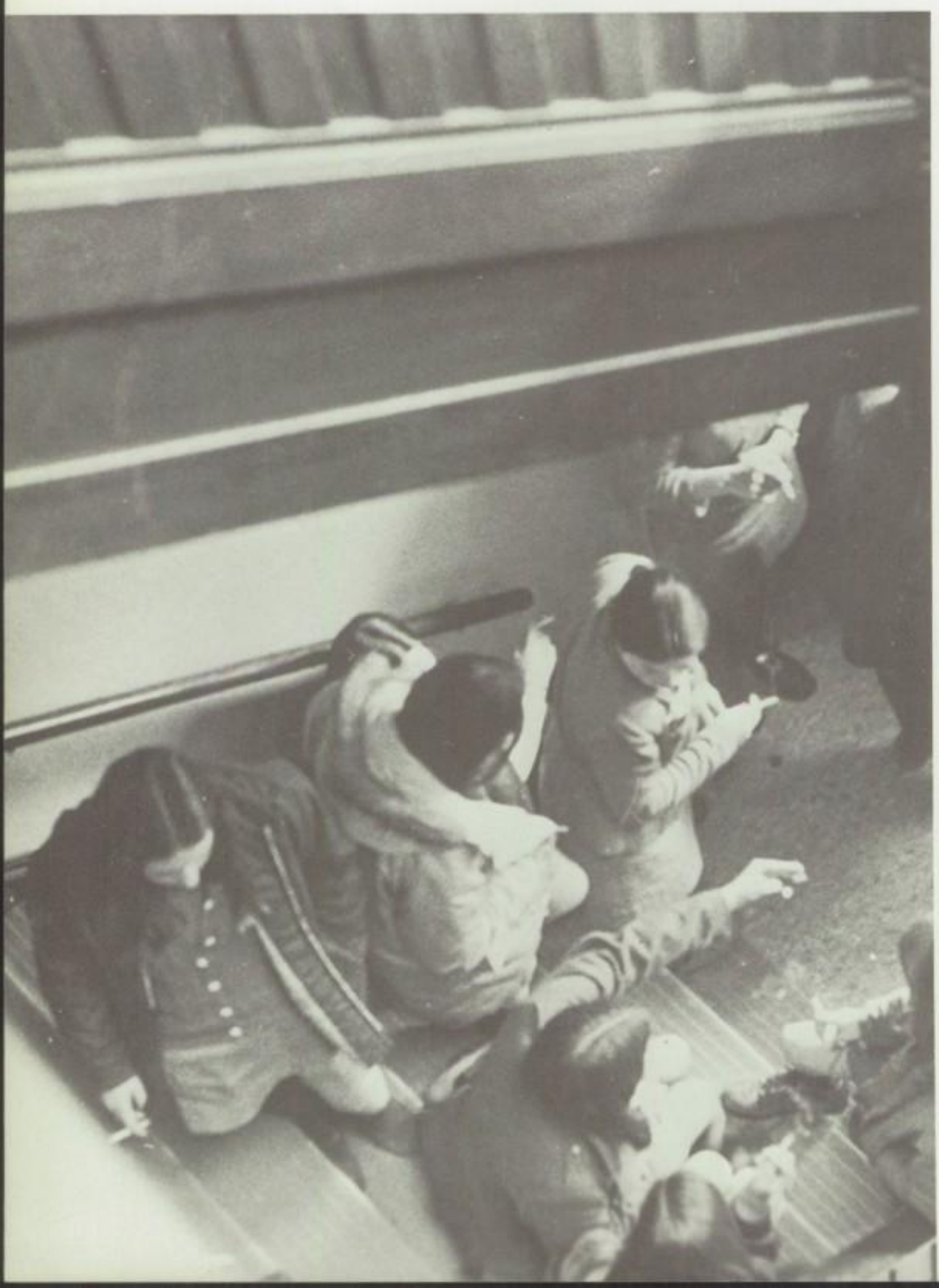


As so often happens to Wheeler athletic teams when they compete in the public school leagues, the volleyball team ran roughshod over its opponents in the Northern Division, but then was unable to compete in the play-offs because its key players were off on vacation. Coached by Mrs. Baldwin and captained by Marion Mauran and Manny Scott, the team took its title by defeating Tolman High School of Pawtucket.

Another sport which began to generate interest at Wheeler was gymnastics. Coached by Miss Kjoss-Hansen, girls such as Dee Dee Wild, Robin Paull, and others quickly became proficient enough to place in state tournaments.

22
5

Anchored by third year veterans Sally Buxton, Sam Theibert, and Tracy Carner and bolstered by Kim Woodbridge, Barbara Pond, and Debbie Freedman, our basketball team looked to make it a runaway in the league, but they got off to a bad start by losing their first two games to Classical and St. Xavier's. Getting back on the track they opened a win streak and then began their move to force a play-off in their division by nipping St. Xavier's in a return match 46 — 44. With a whole lot of luck, they hoped to bring home all the marbles.



Twice this year we loaded ourselves on the big Rhode Island Bus Company arks and headed off to Project Discovery productions. Before Christmas we made it to see that hilarious musical comedy *Lady Audley's Secret.* Right after IEW in February we took in *Royal Hunt of the Sun* about the confrontation of European and Incan civilizations in South America when Pizarro and his friends arrived. Some of us were impressed, but a lot of us thought it was the most boring play we had ever seen.

Fu
Blessing

Ai
Love

Shi
Long-live

Hsieh
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Good mo
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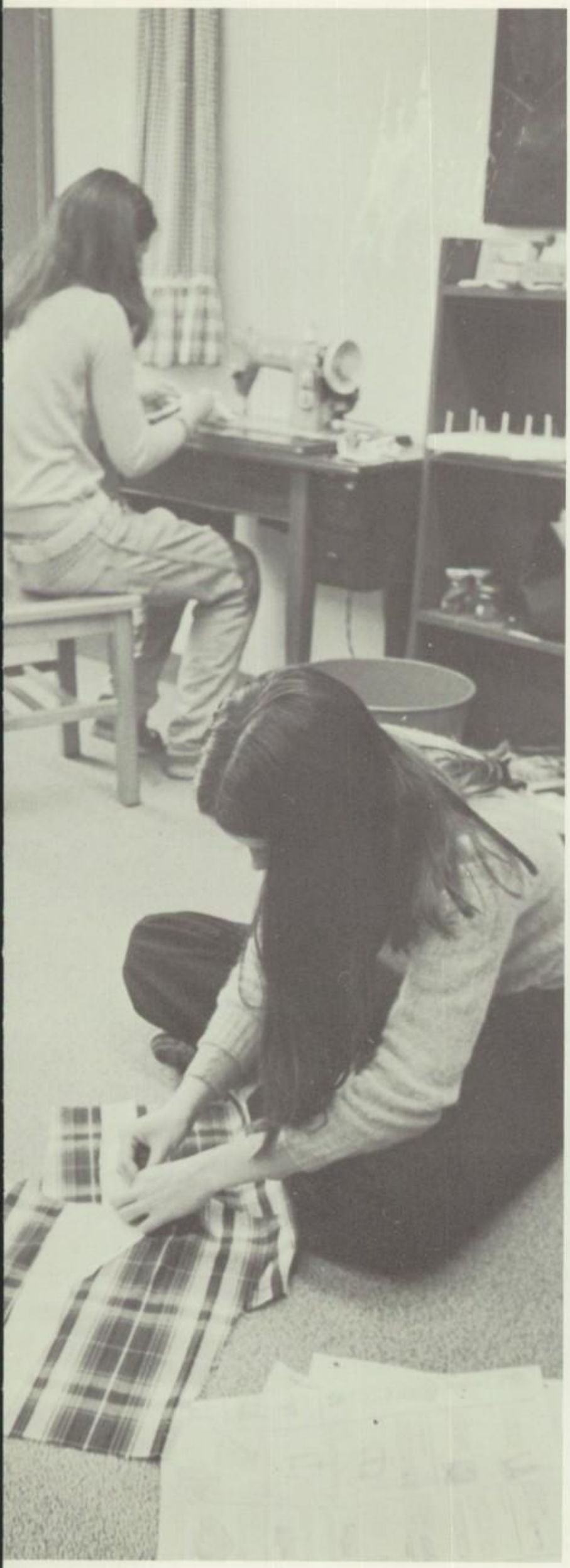
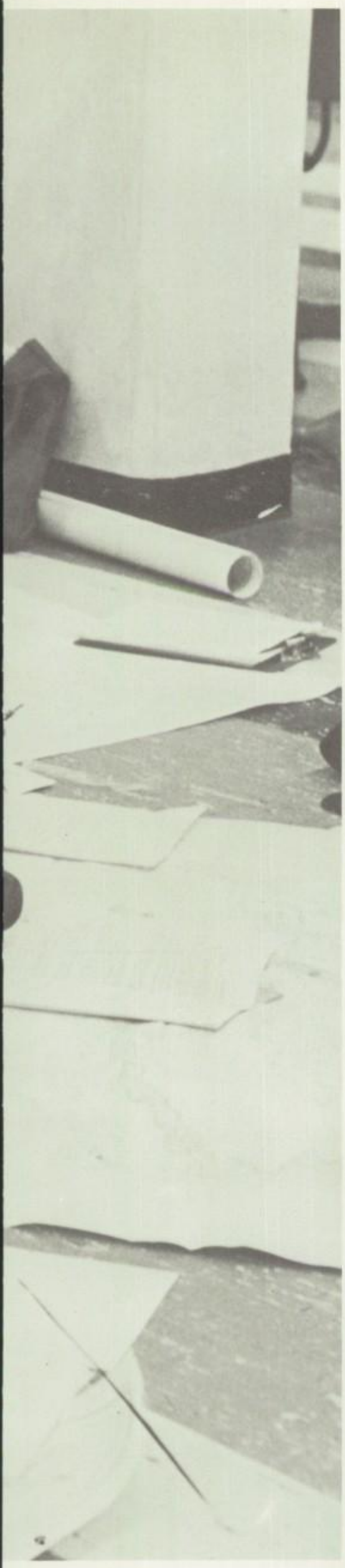


Probably the biggest single happening, or event, or whatever, this year, was IEW. It just seemed to change the shape of everything around here. It all began last year when Jane Flavin and Tracey Leas and a few of their friends began to talk about it and push for it. The Community Council went for it, and the faculty liked it, but it almost died a couple of times before people like Mr. Hufstader started to help out. Finally, after months of planning and fretting, they presented us with that week in February when we could take a shot at doing what we wanted to do in school. It wasn't perfect, of course; a lot of us didn't get what we wanted, but it was still better than anything we had had before. In the first place the range of possibilities was incredible, everything from Chinese caligraphy to sewing, even to helping Sal in the kitchen.

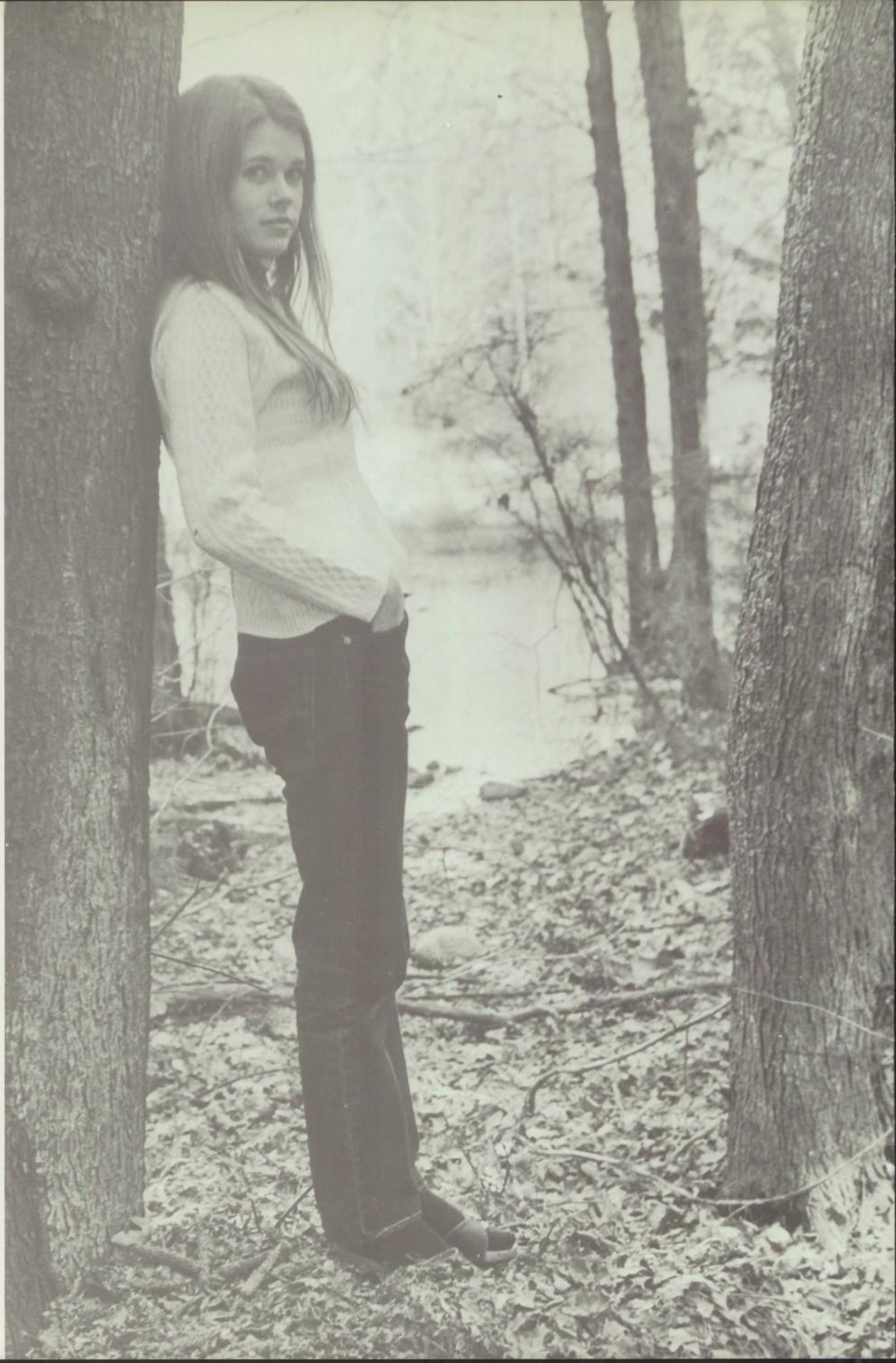
Up in the science department, while some of us stayed here and did things like comparative dissections and behavioral studies with mice, others went out on the town to study radiology, hematology, and parasitology at places like Miriam Hospital and Brown University. Another group frolicked at the Farm with Mr. Beckford, learning about woodscraft. Phyllis, Lauren, and Liz Herbert spent the week driving around the city to study such aspects of urban renewal and restoration as the Plantations on South Main Street.

As anyone would have expected, the art facilities were in constant demand, but there seemed to be no limit to the kinds of things people did. Pam did puppet shows for the kids in lower school. Miss Rowe and Miss Roberts dragged some of us into kitchens to learn about gourmet cooking. A bunch of sophomores blasted everyone out of Angell with the tapes they used for cavorting around Rm. 133. Some students decided to get into the teaching act. Sam and Sally ran a basketball clinic, and Jessica Johnstone taught a class in needlepoint and crewel.



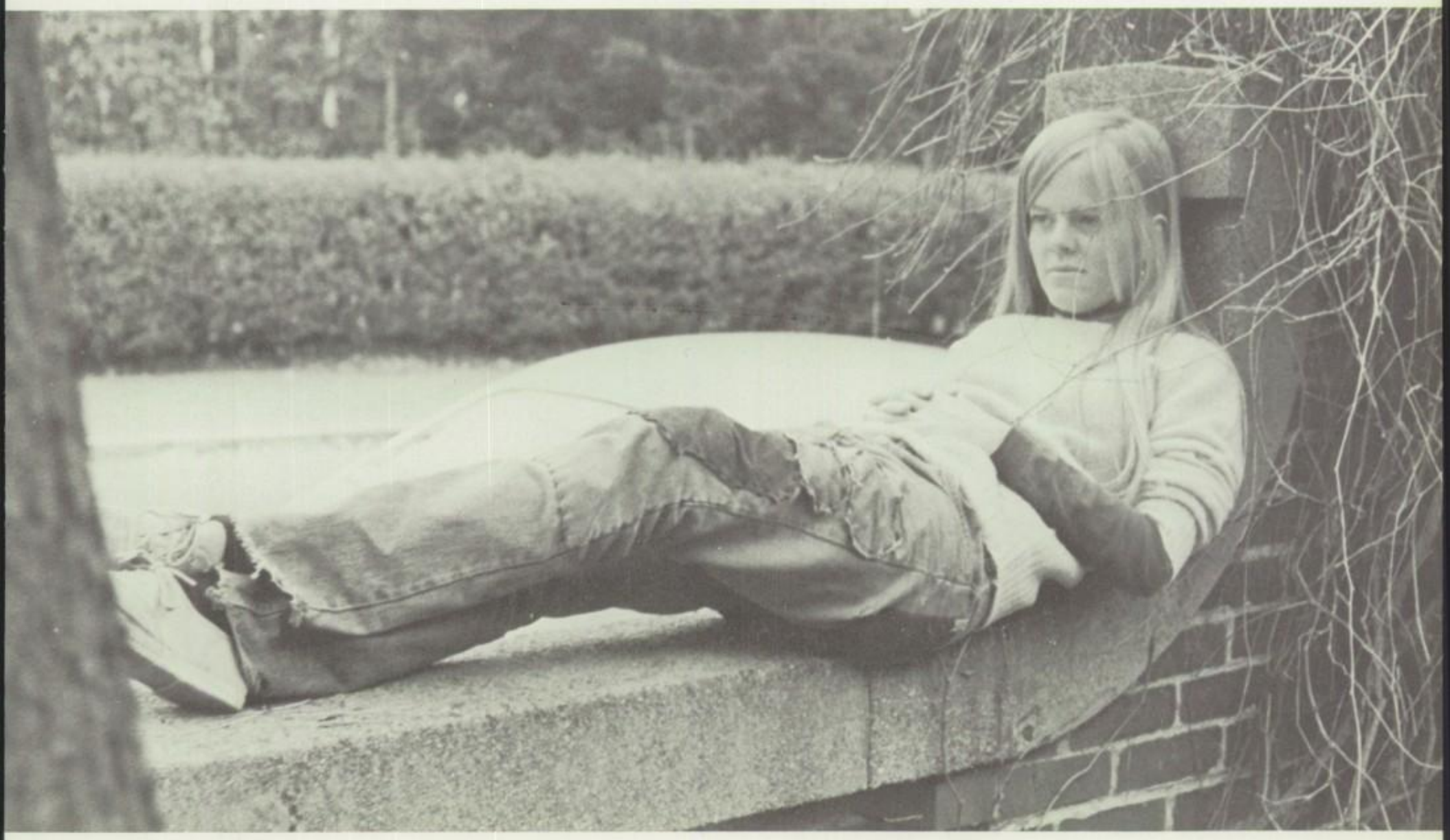
When it was all over, when the paper crumplers had filled the wastebaskets and the navigators had mapped themselves into a corner in Rm. 12, we all sat down and evaluated the week in little groups, and we agreed that we ought to do it again and that it would be pretty nice if school could be like that every day.

SENIORS



Anne Conaway
Sue Foley

If I ever lose my eyes,
If my colors all run dried . . .
I won't have to cry no more.

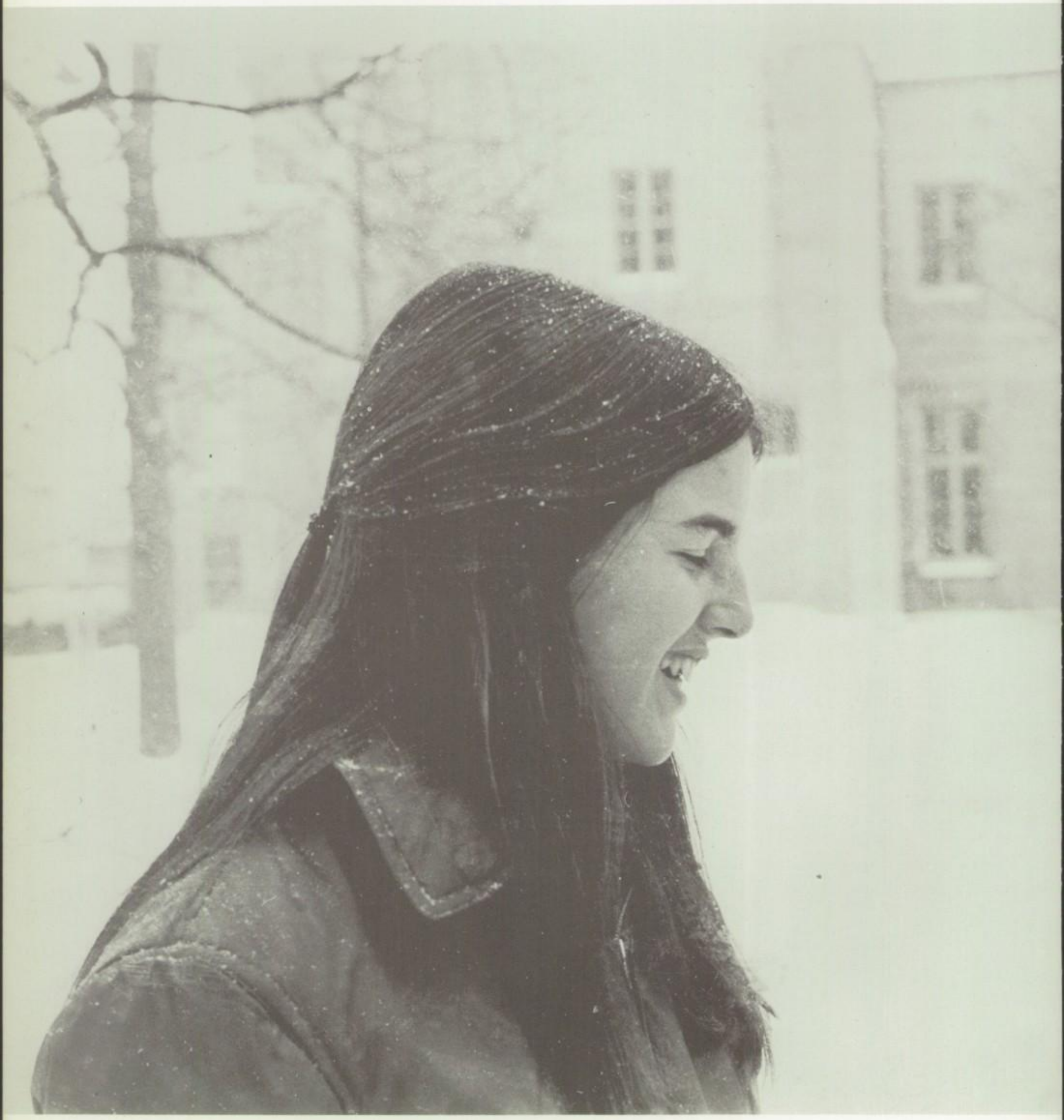


Phyllis Gardiner

"Sometimes there is no harm in putting off a piece of work until another day. But when it is a matter of baobabs, that always means a catastrophe."

Audrey S. Kopech

I know you'll all miss me, my mirth, and my mouth — but, don't despair, I'll be back one day again. (Scared ya, didn't I?!?!)



Lisa Smith

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Kathy Meardon

"To live is good
To live vividly is better
To live vividly together is best."
Max Eastman

Liz Creamer

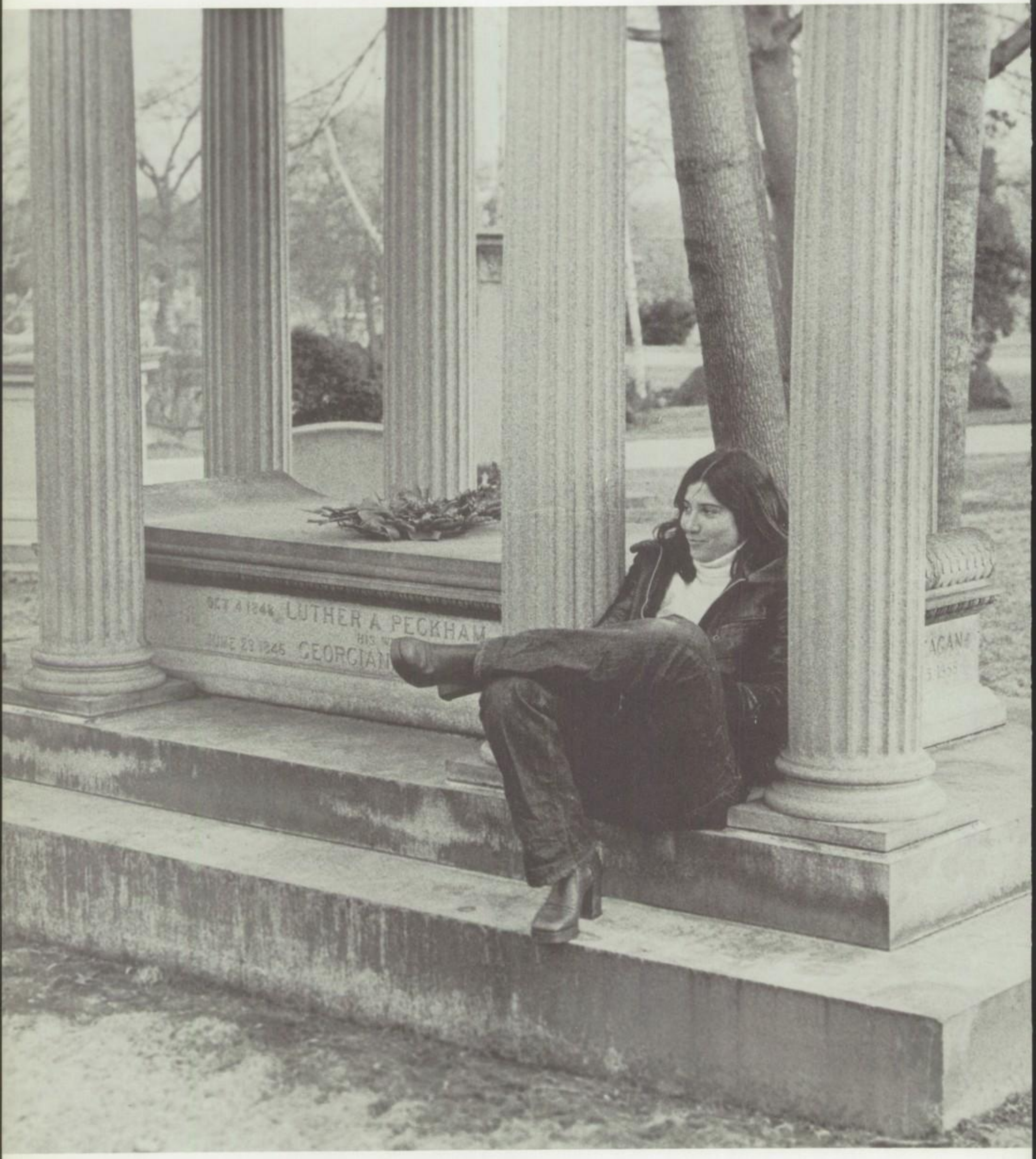
We are the last of all. The oldest is the newest,
I see nothing which I have seen before;
A man is never lost, he has only been mislaid.
Got to move on, got to travel,
Walk my blues away.

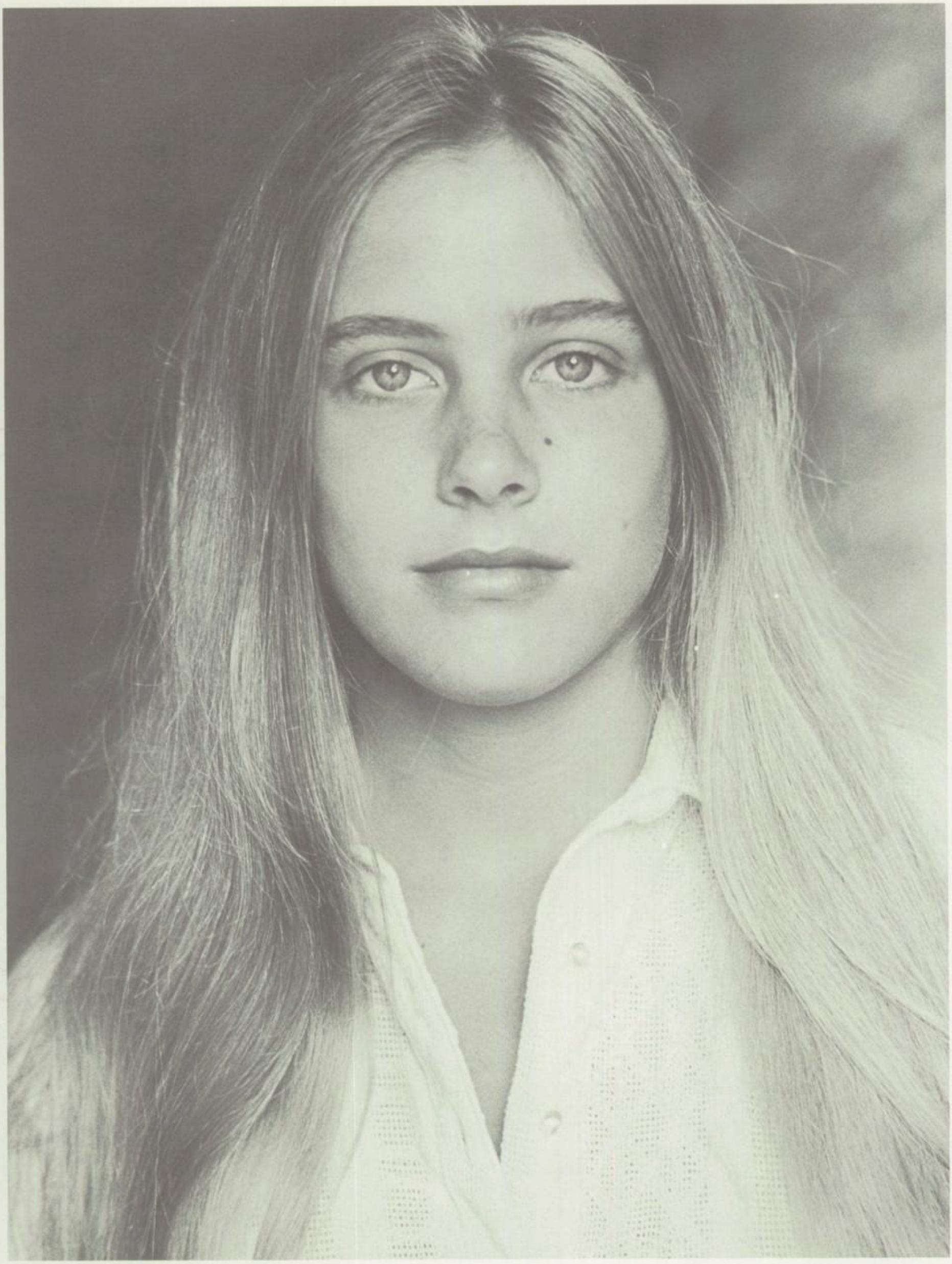
Mary Cocroft

Gail Botvin

Pleased to meet you,
hope you guessed my name.

Jennifer Fearon





Jennifer W. Freeman

Remember the pickles and french fries? How about having a wild party every weekend? B-r-r-right Red! "And in the naked light I saw . . . "

Manny Scott

Anda Gailitis

Lorna Martella

He that lets
The small things bind
him
Leaves the great
Undone behind him.

Polly Carpenter

Jane Flavin

Mary K. Fox

Oh I can't think about that now . . .
I'll think about that tomorrow.

Lisa Lepore

Nancy Buell

Blithering idiots
Babble and rabble on
And the moon still shines

Sue Christy

Is the image I'm making
the image I see?
When the man in the mirror
is talking to me . . .
Graham Nash

Sam Theibert

Sam . . . You only go around once in life, so grab for all the gusto you can get! . . . those little blue sneaks . . . Hey little one . . . Sambo . . . You crazy kid . . . Wow, those dates . . . You seen Ms. Farroba? . . . junk up . . . Hey I'm going home, California, Arizona, New York, Rhode Island . . .

Lauren Bonoff

Pam Rodi

"Nobody ever had a rainbow, baby,
until he had the rain."
and in the naked light I saw . . .

Debbie Deluca

Cindy Quattrocchi

Oh, don't worry about it,
just take it easy.

Spooky Colhoun

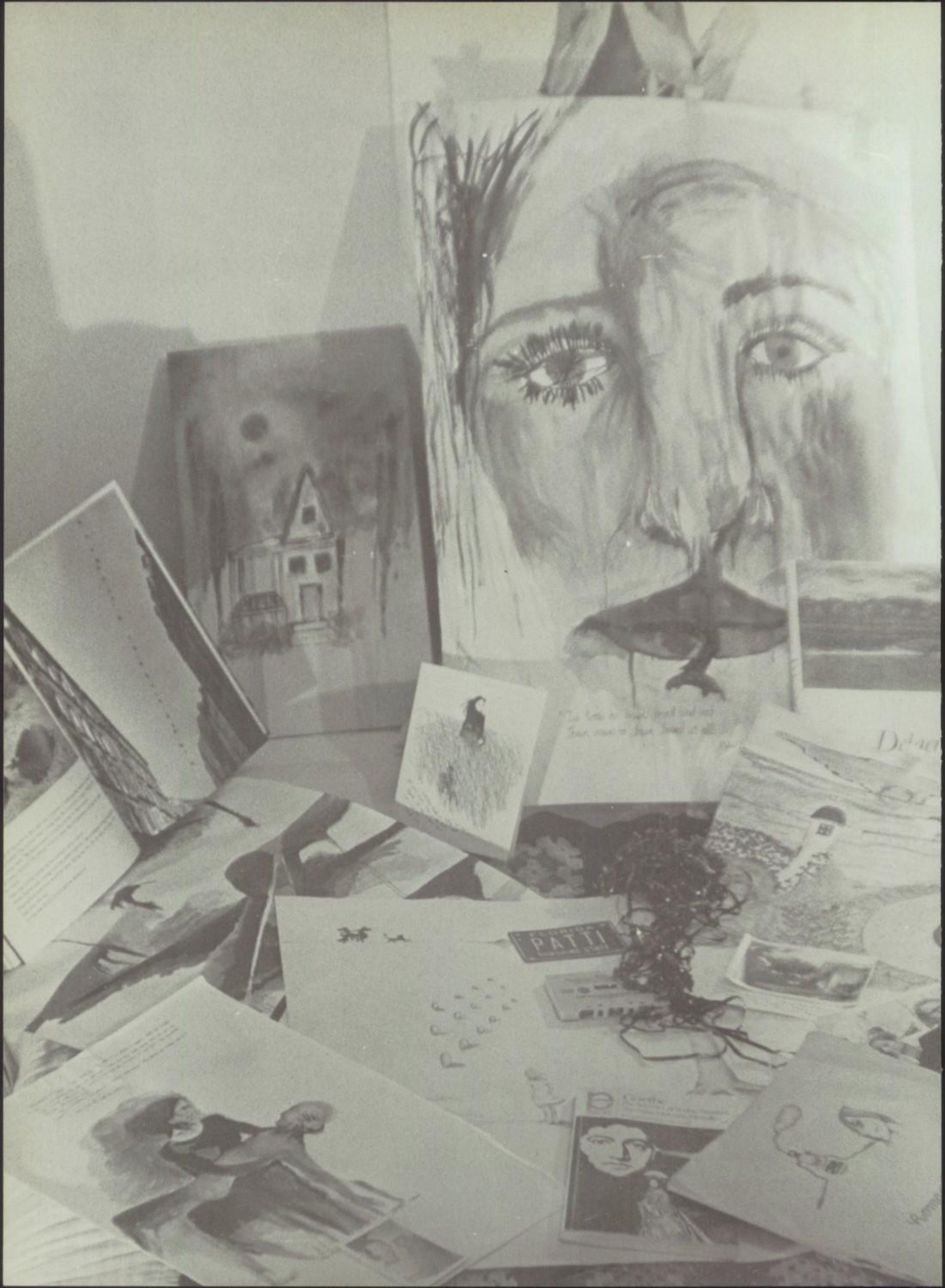
A smile costs nothing,
but gives much . . .

Kathy Brown

. . . Weekapaug . . . 14 years . . . the green auto . . . K.P. hold da lump . . . the watts line . . . coffee at H.O.P. . . . Pleasant Mt. . . . "All my Children" . . . A smiling face.

Karen Pozzo

2 teas, one with milk, one with lemon . . . oh, Peckham . . . Cram, Switz . . . K-Joss . . . Packrat . . . K.B., Hold da lump . . . hi-ho Jutt . . . "Don't Bug Me" . . . "dear addicted artist" . . .


PATTI

Patricia Borns

Debbie Eisen

The absurd is the essential
concept and the first truth.
Albert Camus

Andrée Michelle Madeleine (Nooky) Pagès

I used to cry orangeade tears.
You must have been a beautiful crier.
I was.
Who did you cry them for?
Someone special.
Why did you stop?
He wanted champagne.

Marcie Worthley

"And what are you going to do now?"
"Oh . . .
I think I'll go boil some spaghetti."

Suki Greig
Brenda Kaufman

Easy is right. Begin right
And you are easy.
Continue easy and you are right.
The right way to go easy
Is to forget the right way
And forget that the going is easy.

. . . and in the naked light I saw . . .

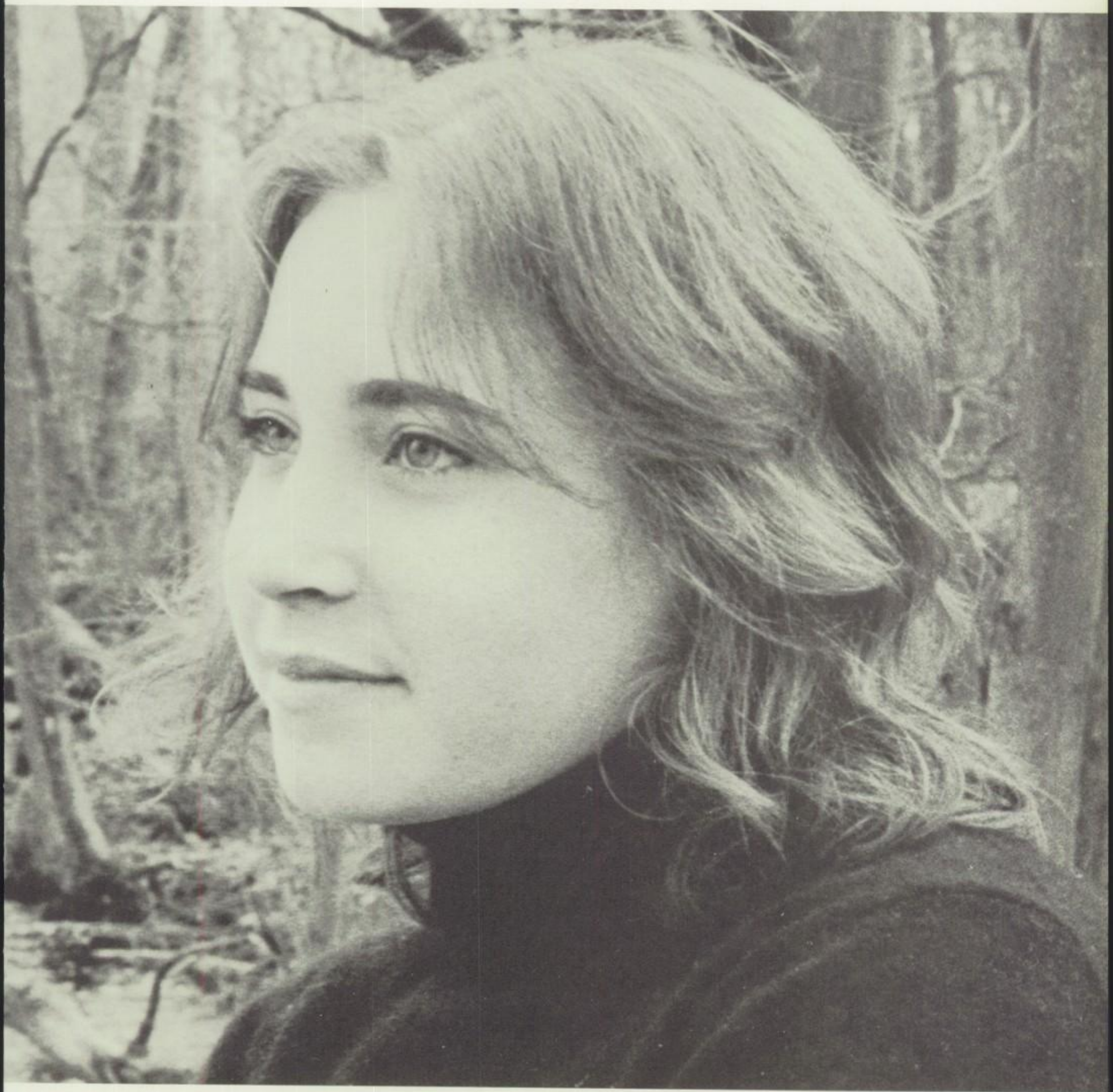
ATIONAL

Wendell Graham

"To be a person is to be yourself,
To laugh, to cry, and to be your own,
To willfully say I do or I don't,
Pretending to be others does us no good,
For that's not what we're looking for when
We look for each other."
Fife

Jossy Levy

I can resist everything
except temptation.

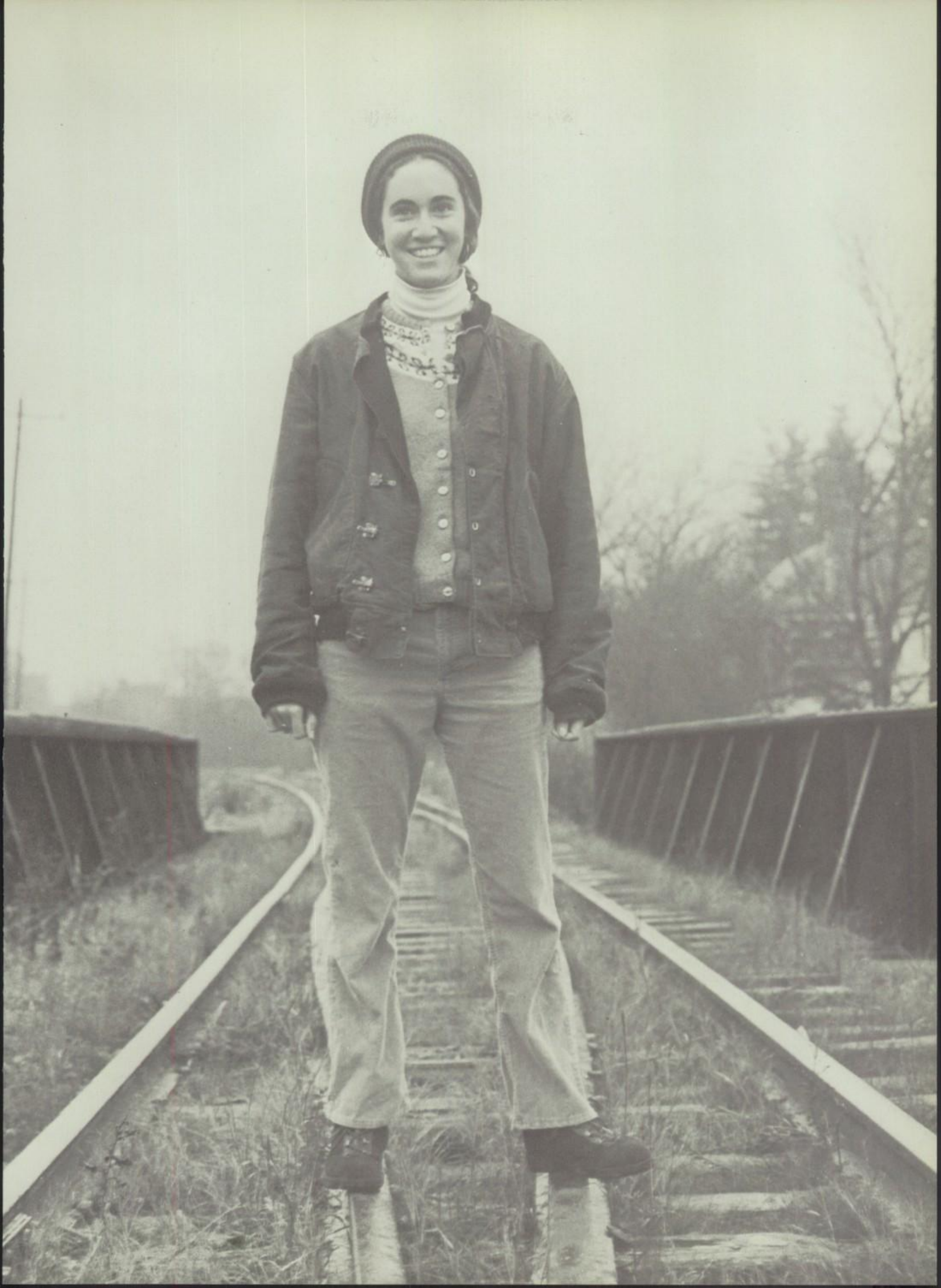


Lisa Musiker

may i be gay
like every lark
who lifts his life
from all the dark
who wings his why
beyond because
and sings an if
of day to yes

Ginny Adams

Don't let your
imagination
take you
by surprise.



Joan Levin

Bobbie Berking

"Piglet I have decided something."
"What have you decided Pooh?"
"I have decided to catch a HEFFALUMP."

Martha Farrell

"Where paths that have affinity for each other intersect, the whole world looks like home, for a time."

Pam Tesler

we live only to discover beauty; all else is a form of waiting.

Carol Blackway

Would you believe Peter Plant? In an orange M.G.?
I seem to be yawning alot lately . . . ACE.
Sleepover . . . want to go to Baltimore with a
plastic shake? Brown Beach? And in the "naked"
light I saw . . .

Tina Takashy

Anne Mason

The Hat . . . Annisquam . . . Coffee in the Brown Press box . . . Yea! Go Purples! . . . Rum Collins . . . Bananas . . . The Bomber . . . Boys, what are they? . . . You had to be there . . . Bossmatic! . . . The Snakes Bar . . . Hey man, what's happening . . . Mixers Forever . . . Nine years, is that all!! . . . Mase.

Prilly Cobb

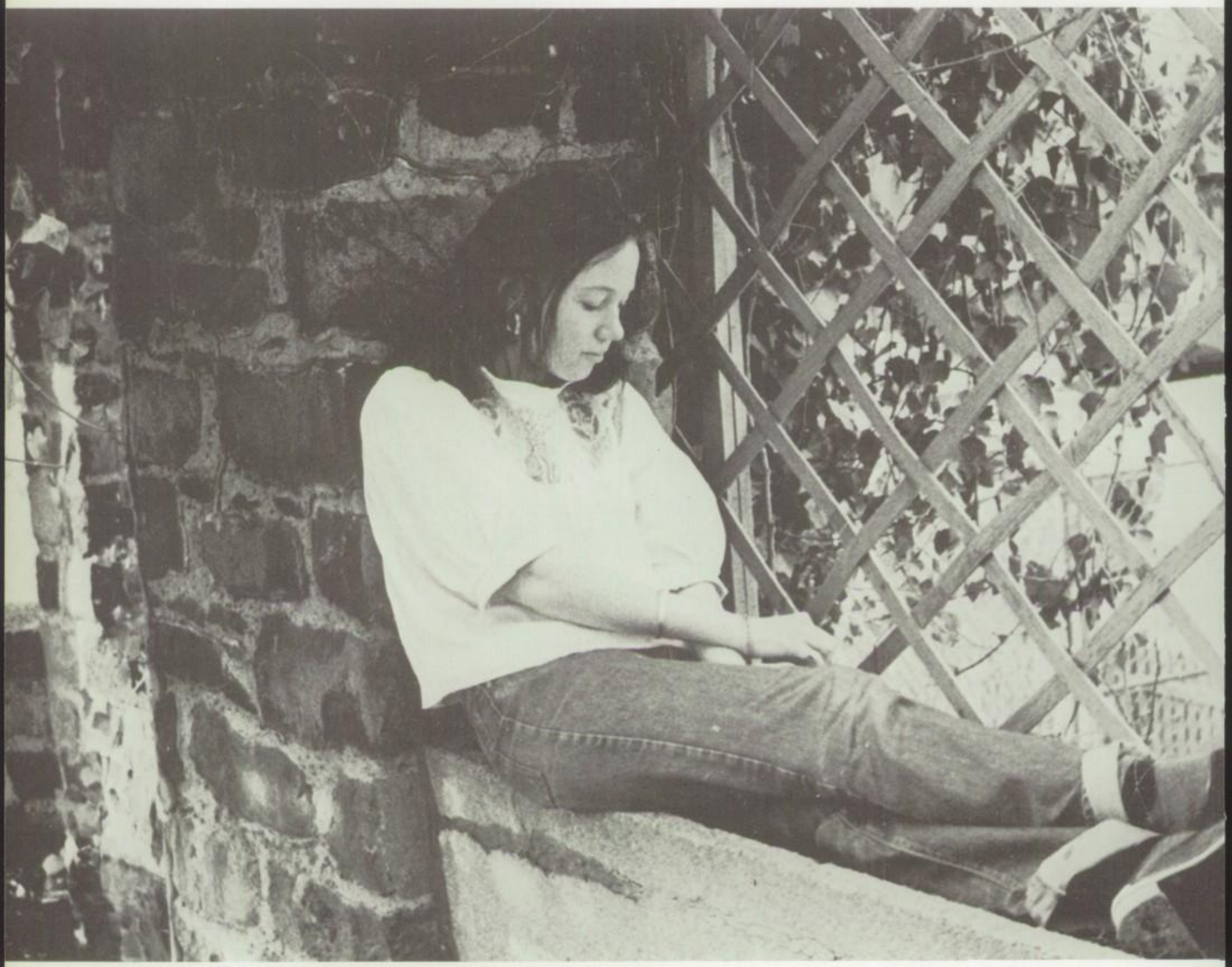
"Sitting in the morning sun
I'll be sittin' 'till the
evening comes
Watching the ships roll in
and I'll watch them roll
away again . . . "

Linda Roberts

A person should never
shoot a bird resting
on his own head.

Marsha England

You only go around once
in life. So you gotta
reach for all the gusto
you can get —



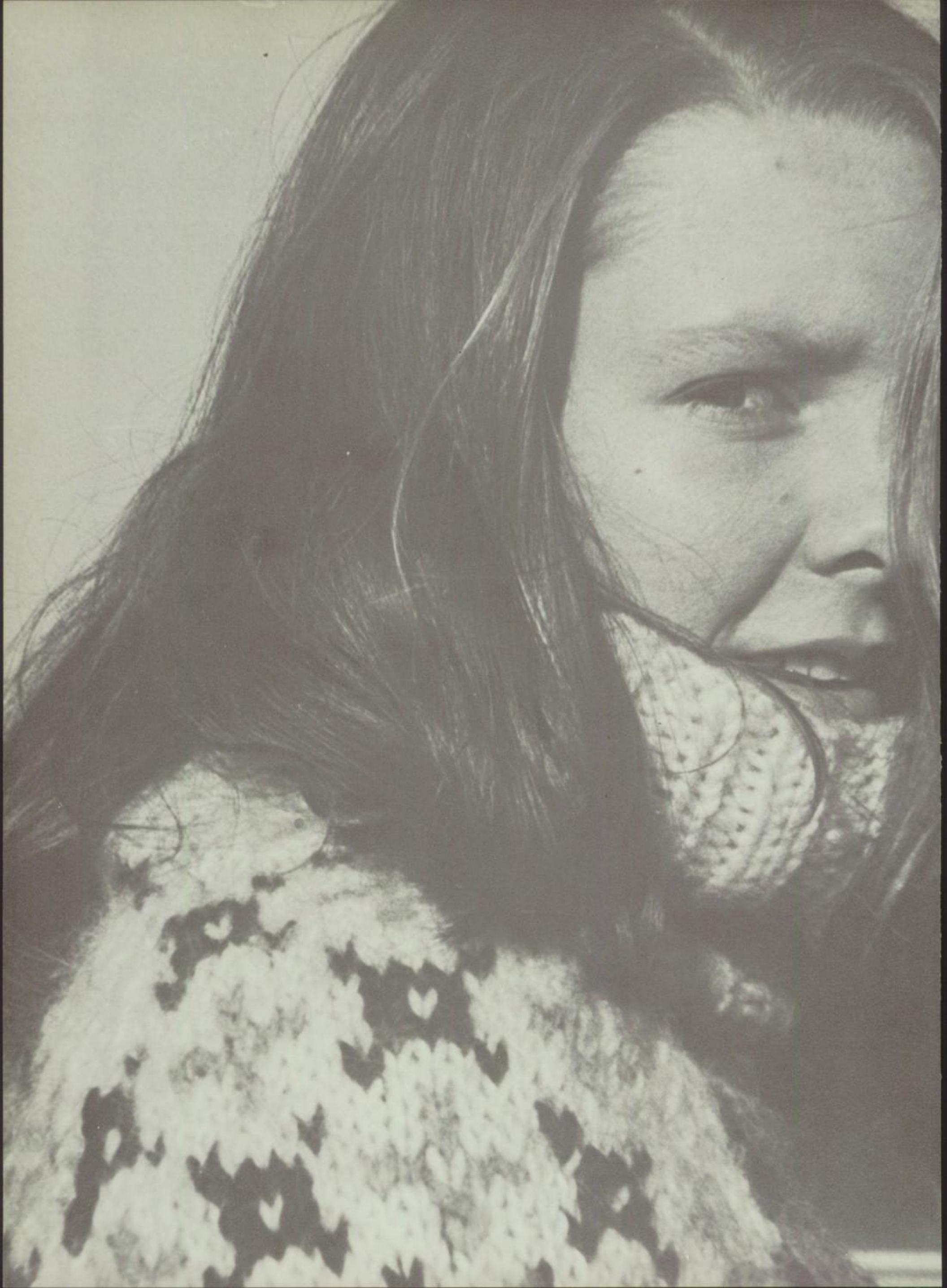
LAGER
BEER

Martha Chason

Hole in the bucket
Not much luck
  it squeaks
  it leaks
The water pours out
Not from the spout
  from the holes in the sides
  down
    the
      kid
        slides
Onto the ground
With a leap and a bound
        air
      the
    into
    with a cute polar bear
In the artic it's cold
And the old house was sold to a bank

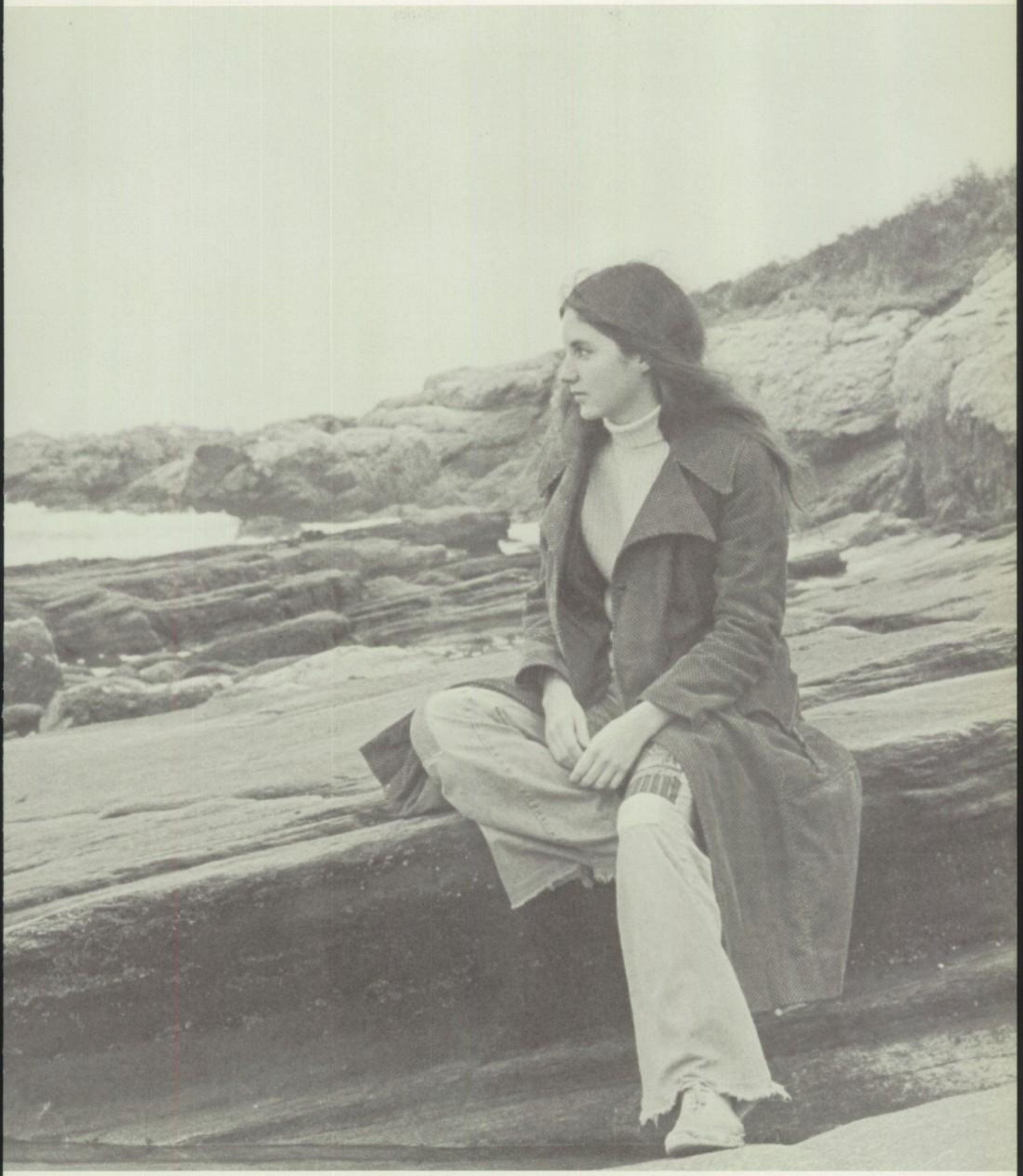
Sarah Ferris

"Look into my eyes,
  what do you see?"
"Oh I'm there, but
  ever so tiny, I
  can't see myself
  properly."
"But I can, every
  inch of you . . . "



Nancy Bowen
A spazz a day keeps the blues away

Kathleen Boyd



Catherine Crimmins

Jessica Rotman "Oh well, tomorrow is an another day . . . " (Scarlett O'Hara)

Marella Briggs

"And let there be no purpose in friendship
save the deepening of the spirit . . . "

Karen Hedblom

"If I should meet thee after long years,
How should I greet thee? —with silence
and tears."

Anne Thompson

Lilly Lorber
Esse Quam Videri

Marian Rosin
Edith Siegel

He laughed and his mouth was alive
with childish smiles.
He was young and innocent and free
Of adults cares and woes; of responsibility
To anyone but himself and trees and
flowers and butterflies
Ah! the total oblivion of childhood,
Shattered at the realization of life
and earth and man.

Roszel Tayloe

Hush — Somebody callin' me
And I know my time ain't long.
I'm gonna move my pillow,
Gonna turn my bed around
Gotta move.

Kristin Rohr

Lynn Peloubet

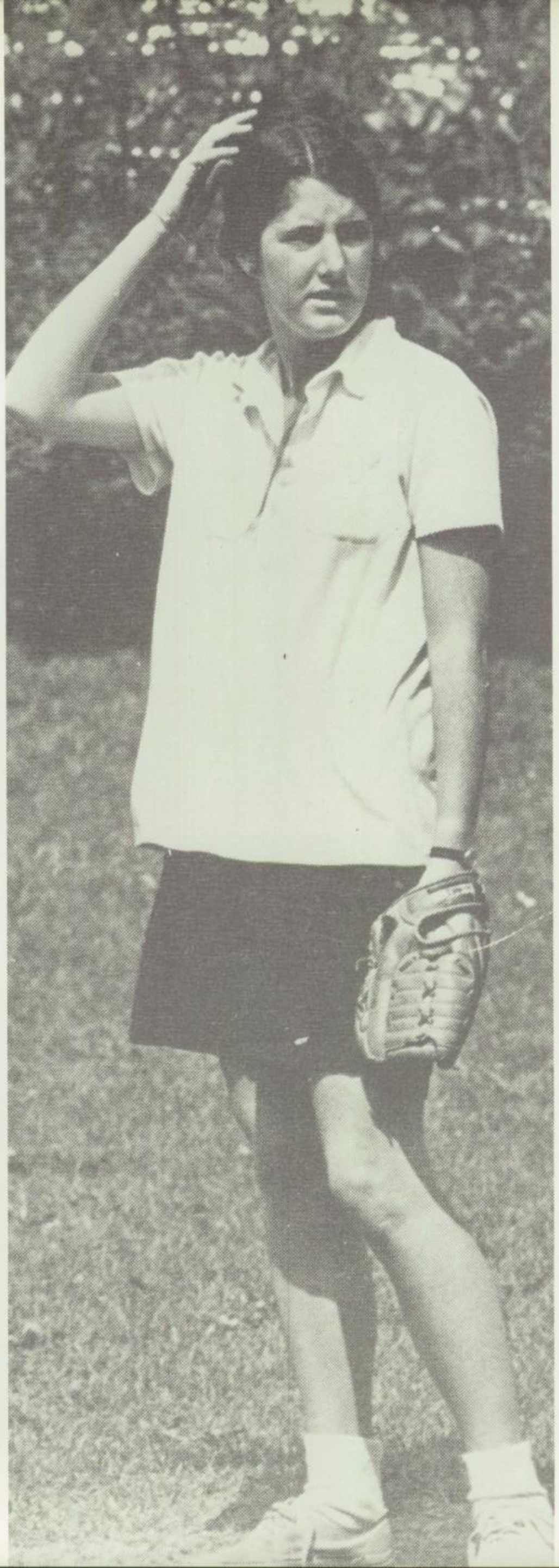
I need to laugh,
and when the sun is out,
I have something I can laugh about.

Katherine Shelton White

become
something . . .
to
yourself
if
anything

Daune Peckham

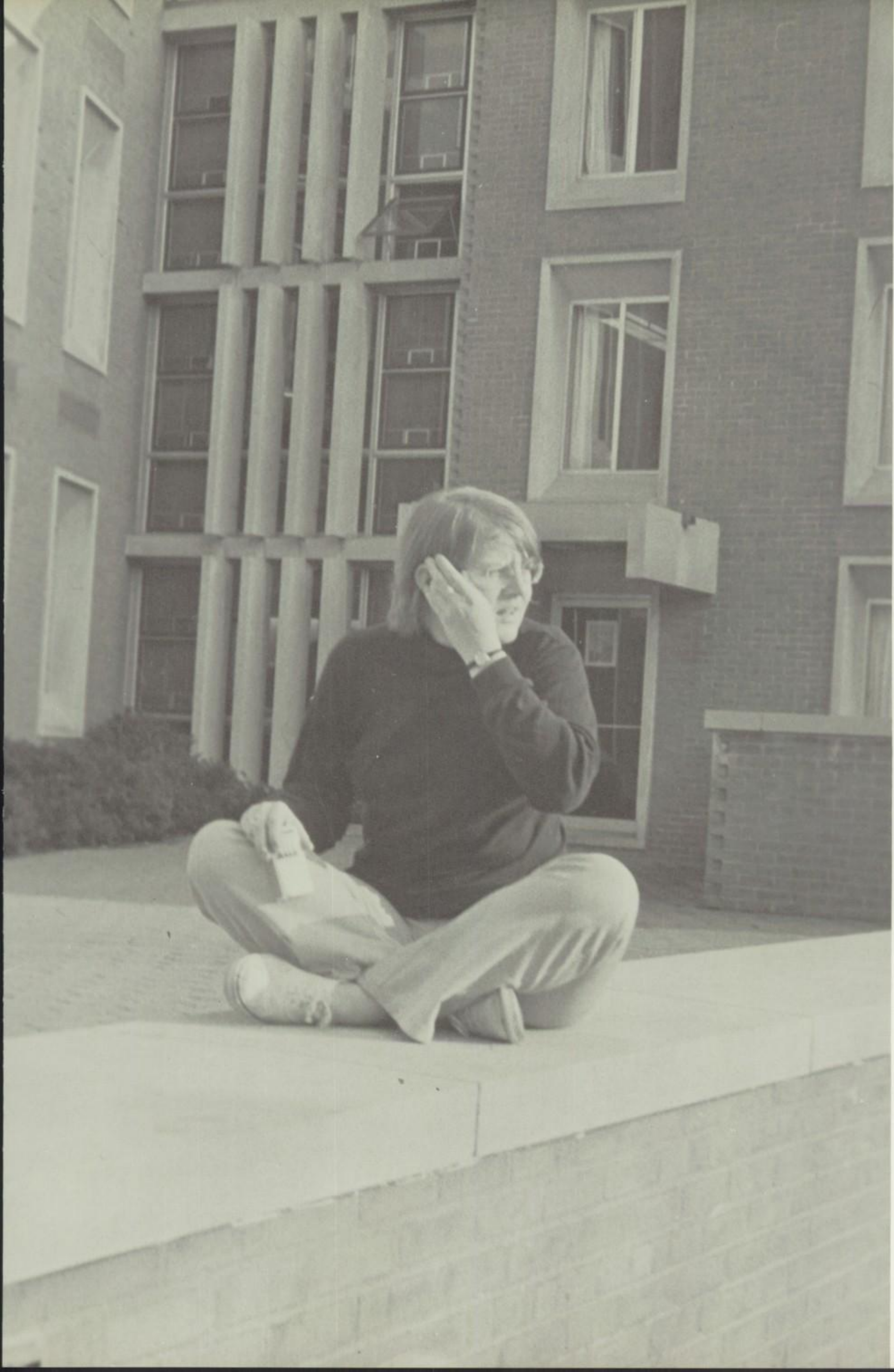
Mary Thompson



Liz Herbert

"One must not tie a ship to a single anchor,
nor life to a single hope."

Susie Sheehan



Linda Francis

Love that suntan, my color's green, got so
so much to do, Francisco, Narragansett, summer fun —
spring vacation on the run, Little Miss efficient —
forgot that airplane ticket, M-B-L-'s, twelve years . . .

Nancy Allinson

Susie Goldenthal

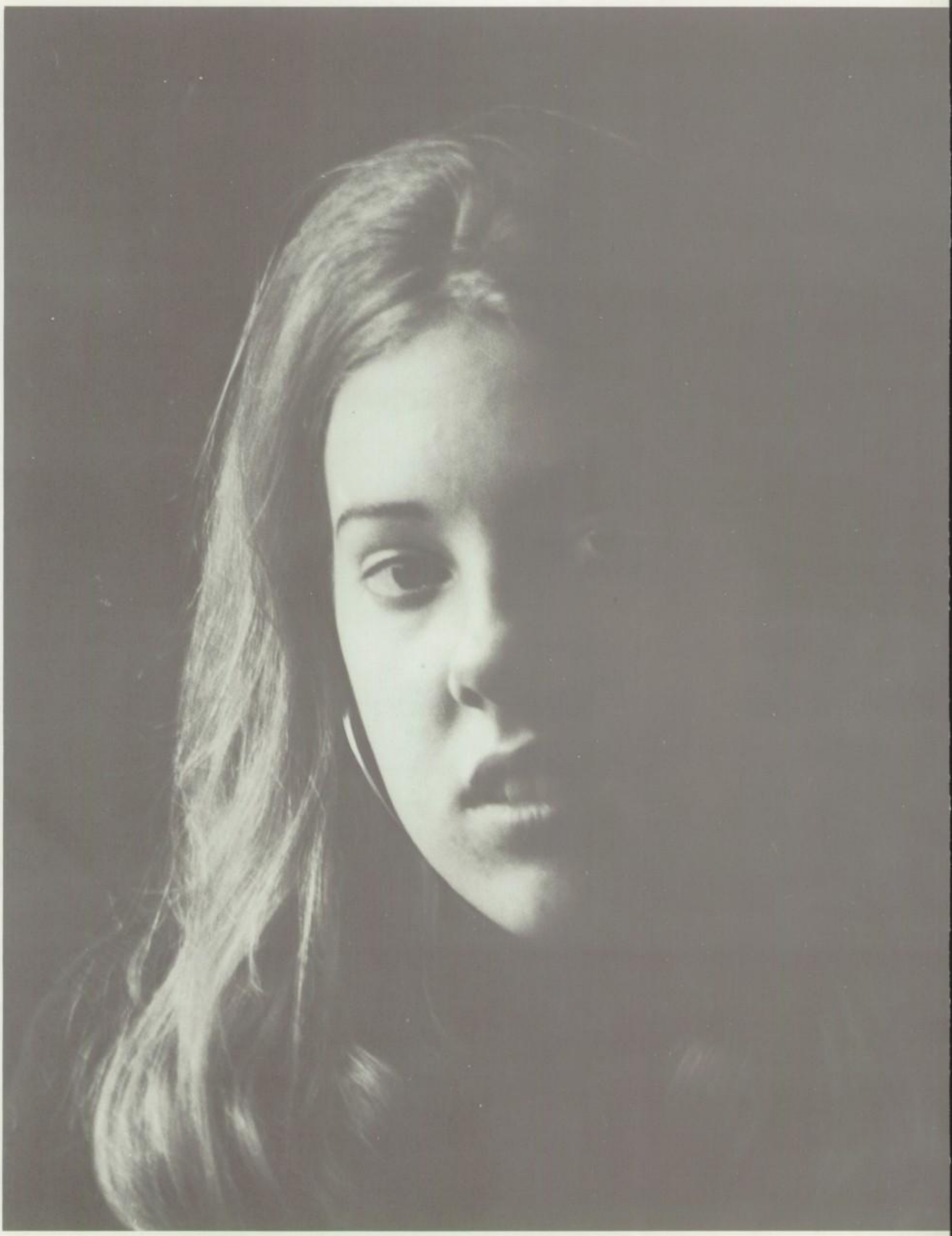
i am not discriminatory, i step on all kinds
of frogs because i am the lizard king;
i can do anything; such as drink the blood
from the earth in a tin can with thousands
on Mars which is a nice place where you
should go to sit back and take your skin off.
Susieyou'recrazyanne.

Anne C. Bloomberg

"It always seemed a fine idea to build a showboat with just one big flat open deck on it, and to keep a play going continuously."

Hope Billings

Marion Mauran



Maggie Hunt

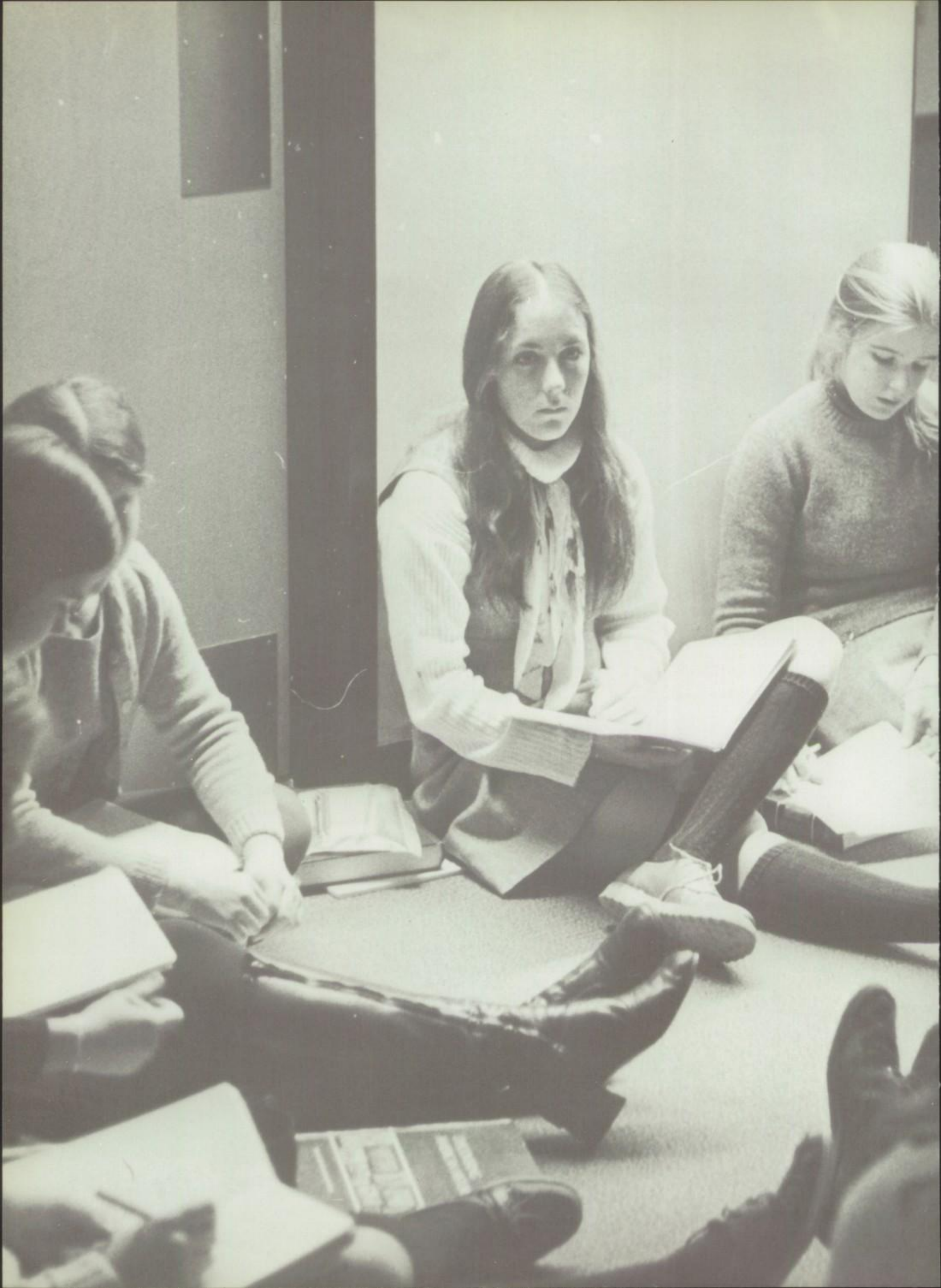
Cynthia (Sinbad) Davis

Why do people like to take advantage
of people who like to live and love?
Don't they realize that they shall
make themselves sad as well?

Anne Mostertz

I'm going home by helicopter,
but first you gotta roll roll
roll you gotta thrill my soul, alright?

Liz Thurber



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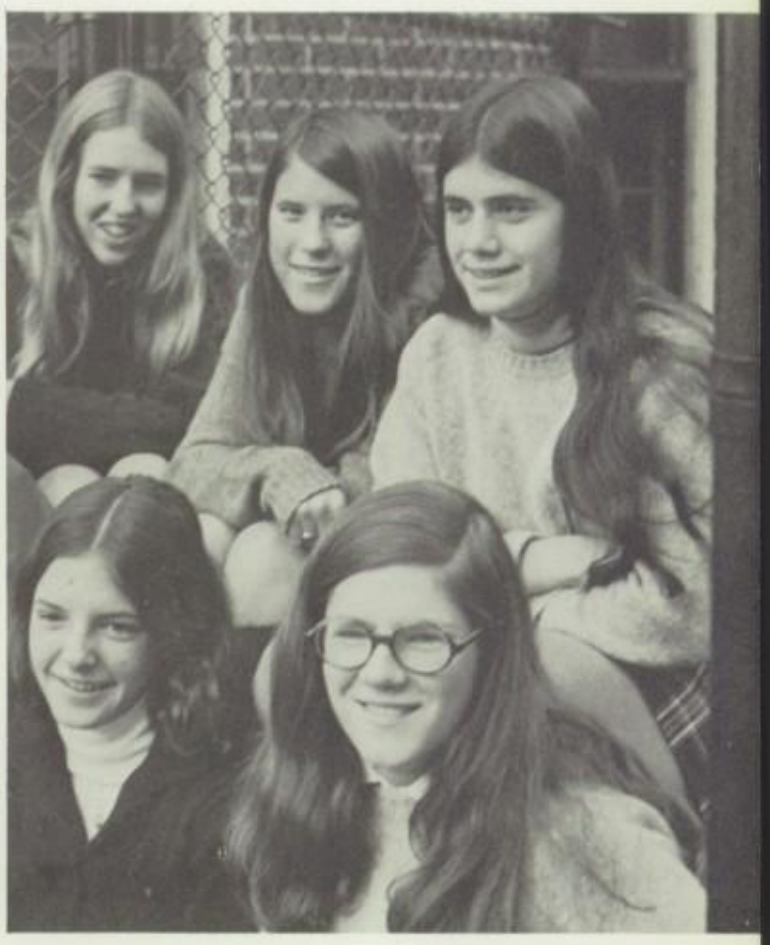

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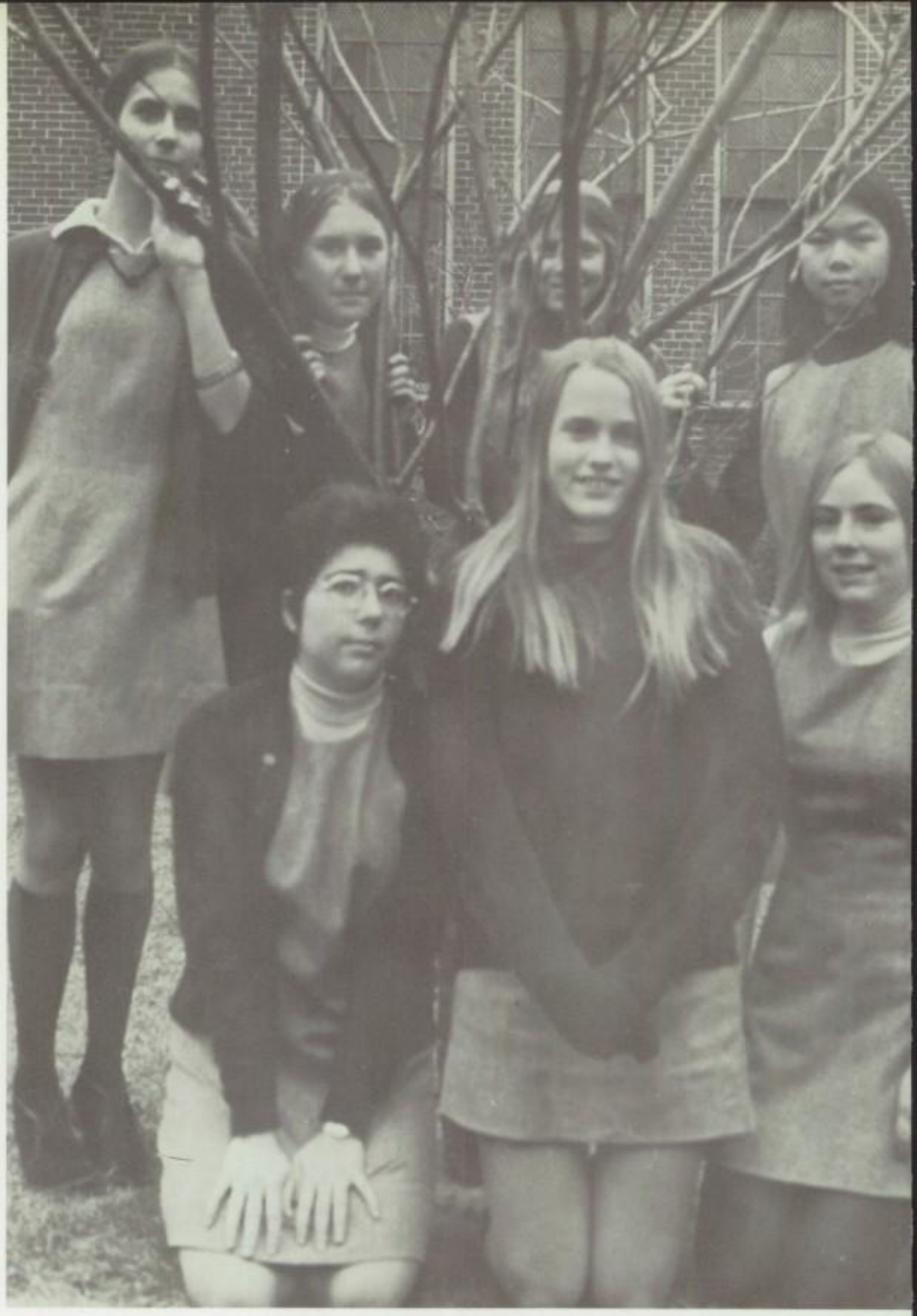
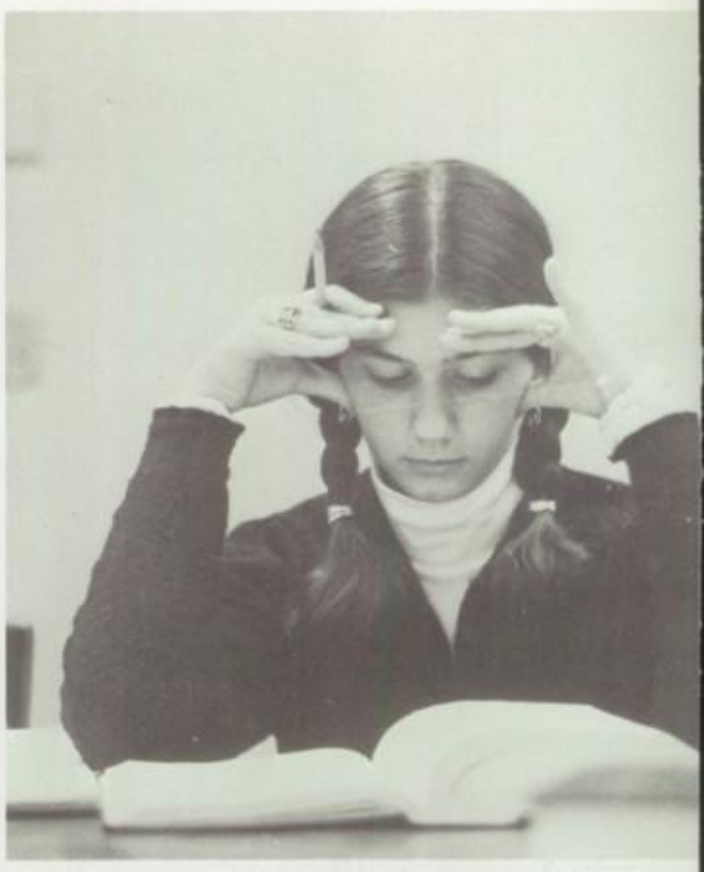
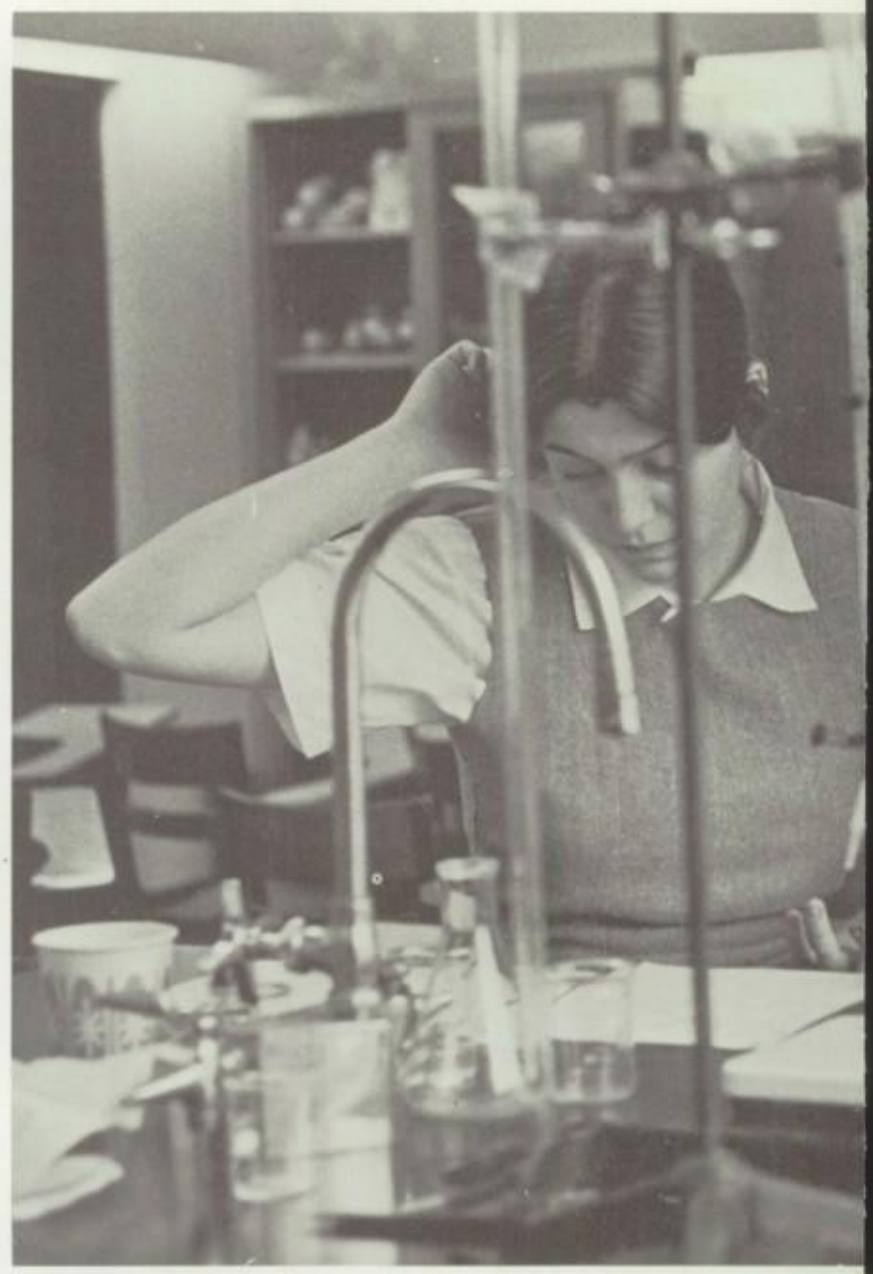
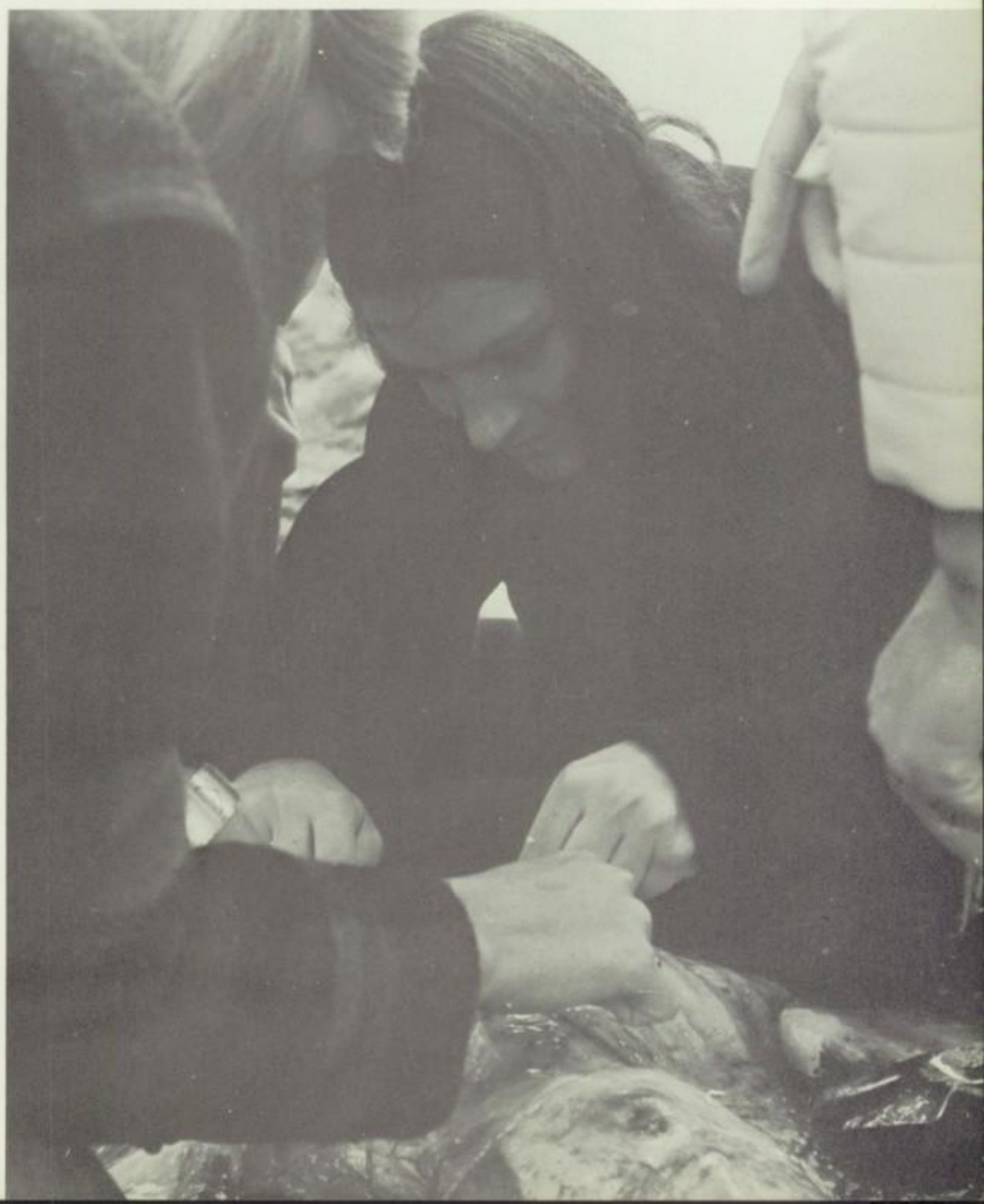


Ginny,
Since you won't
tell me what to
write, I won't
write anything
else. Besides
I'm out of
room.
Love
Margie

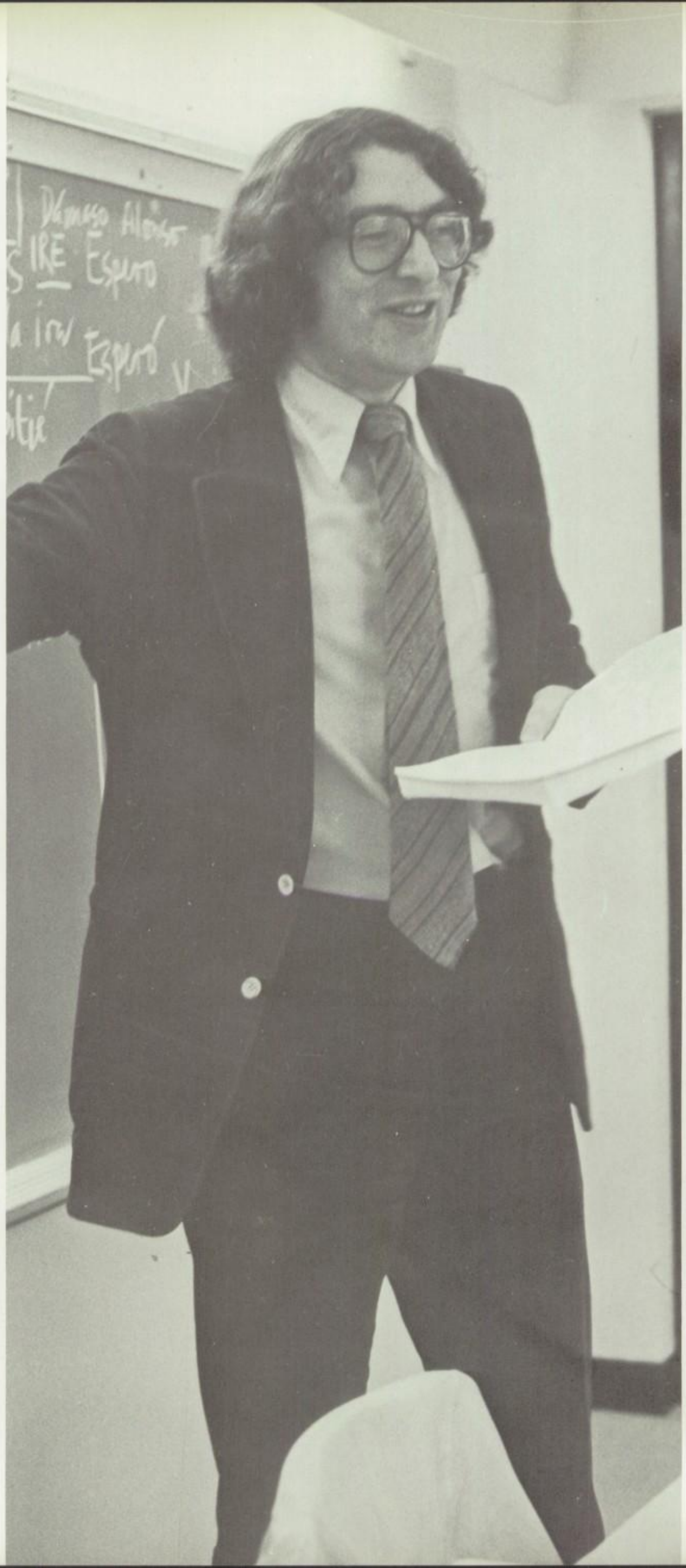


JACK'S SHOES
PVD





FACULTY



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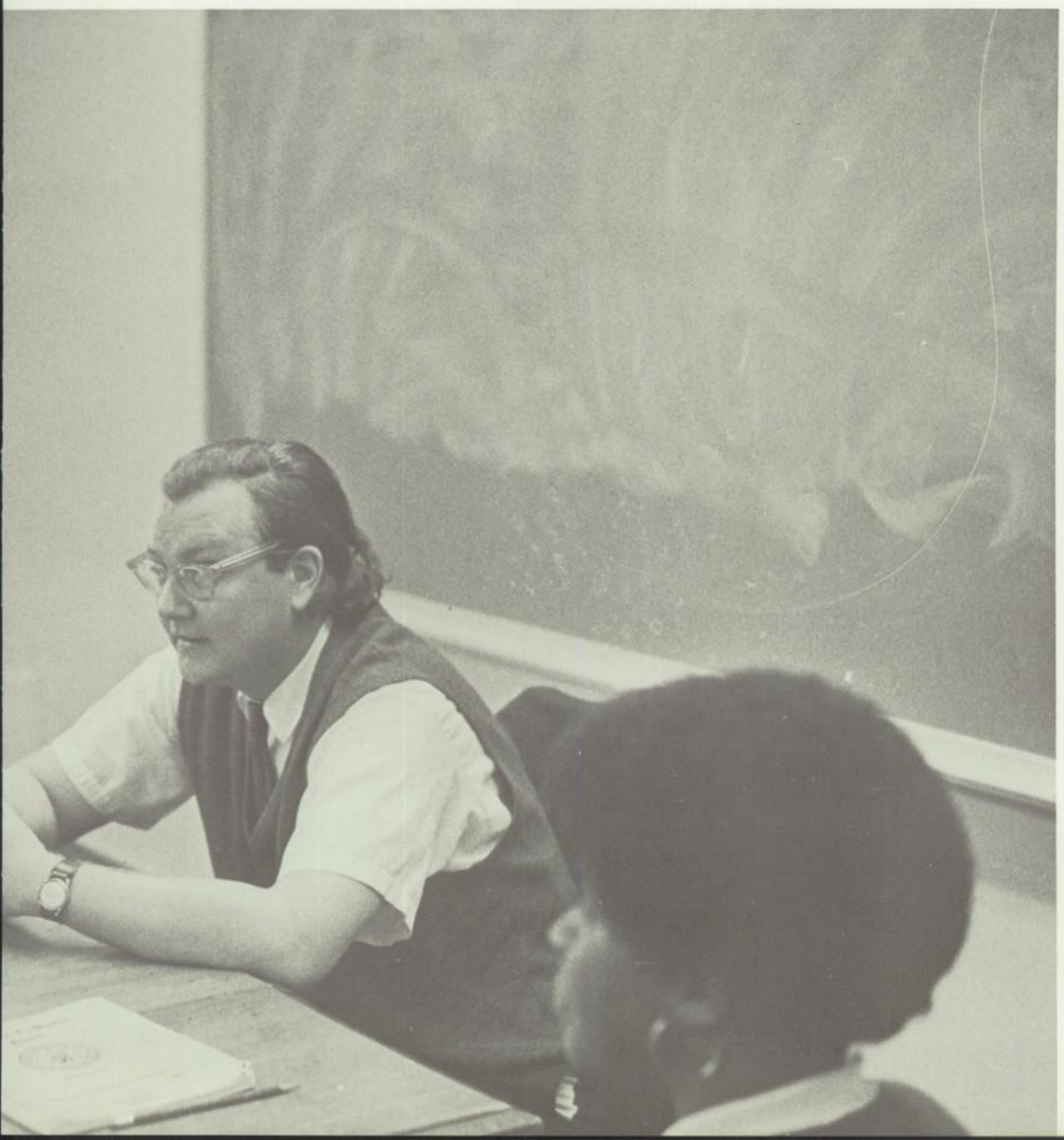

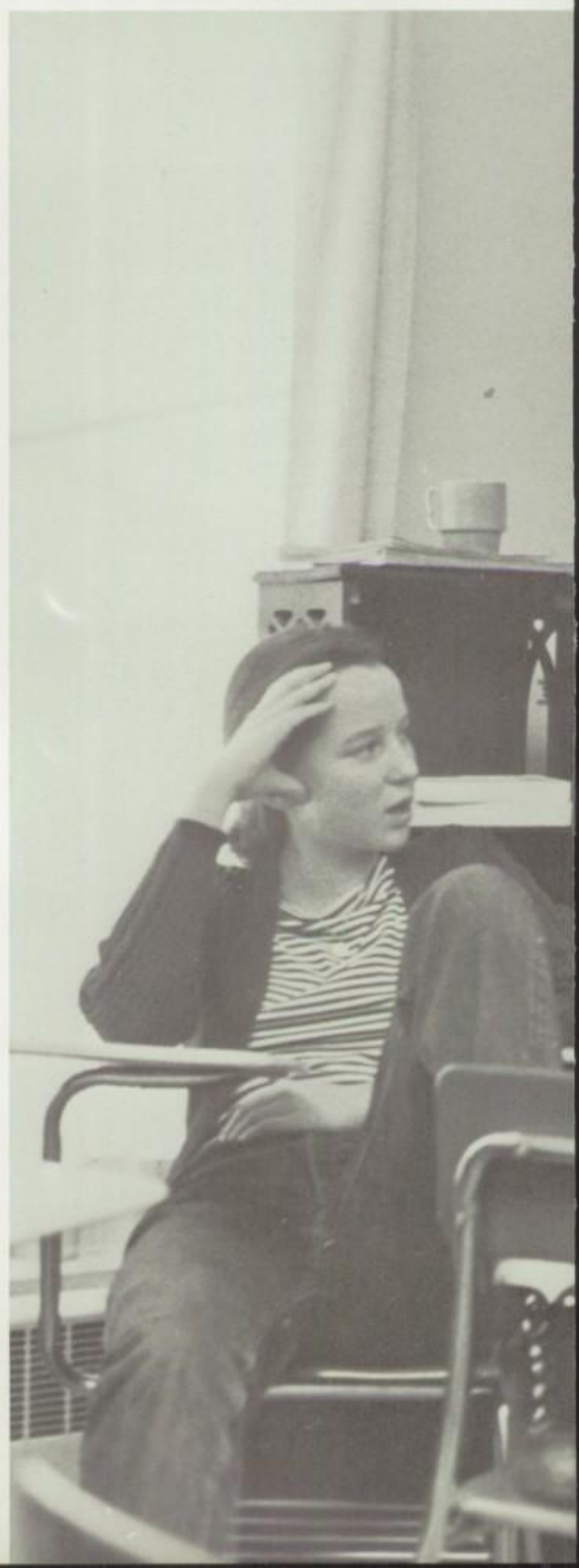

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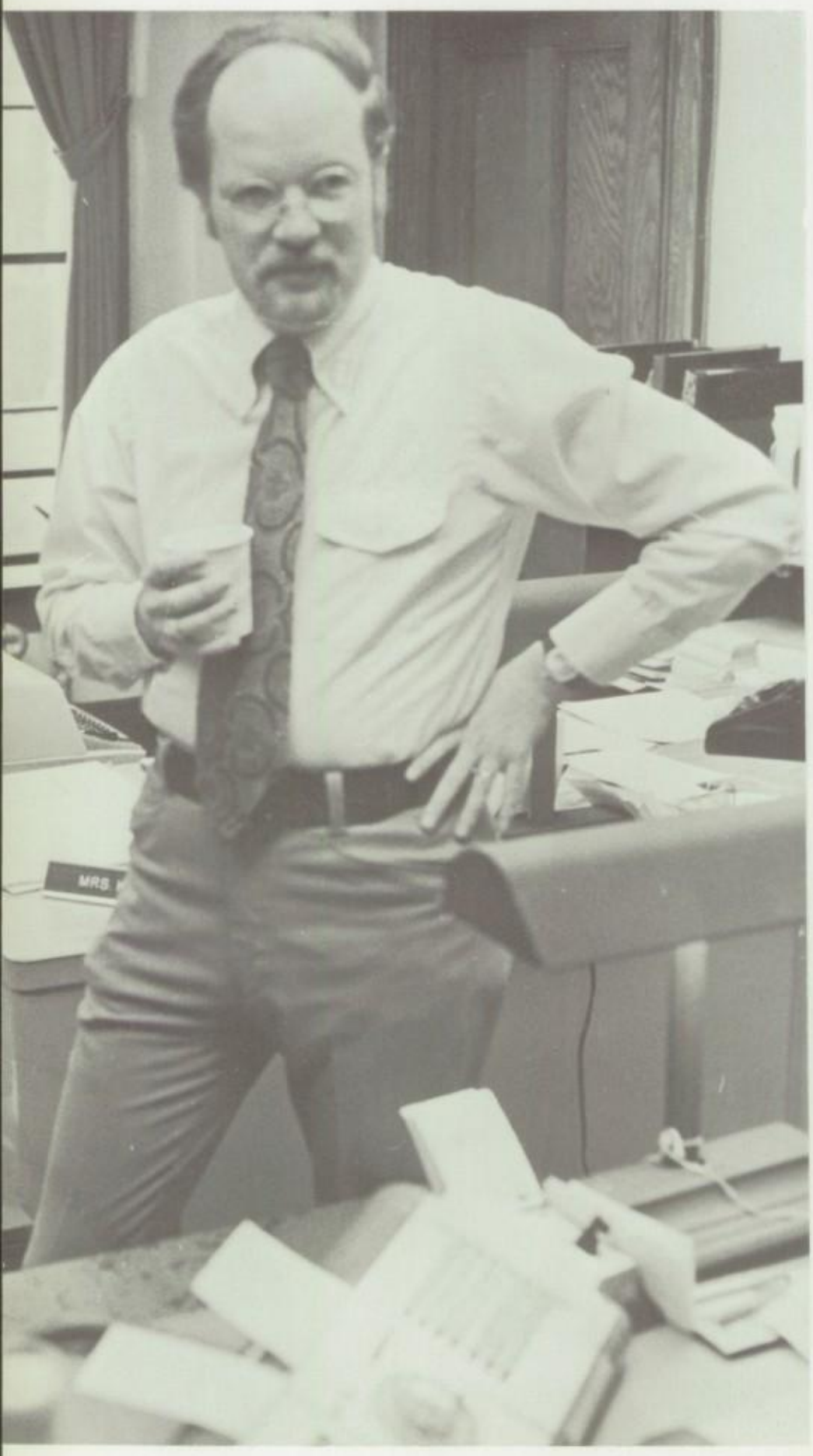

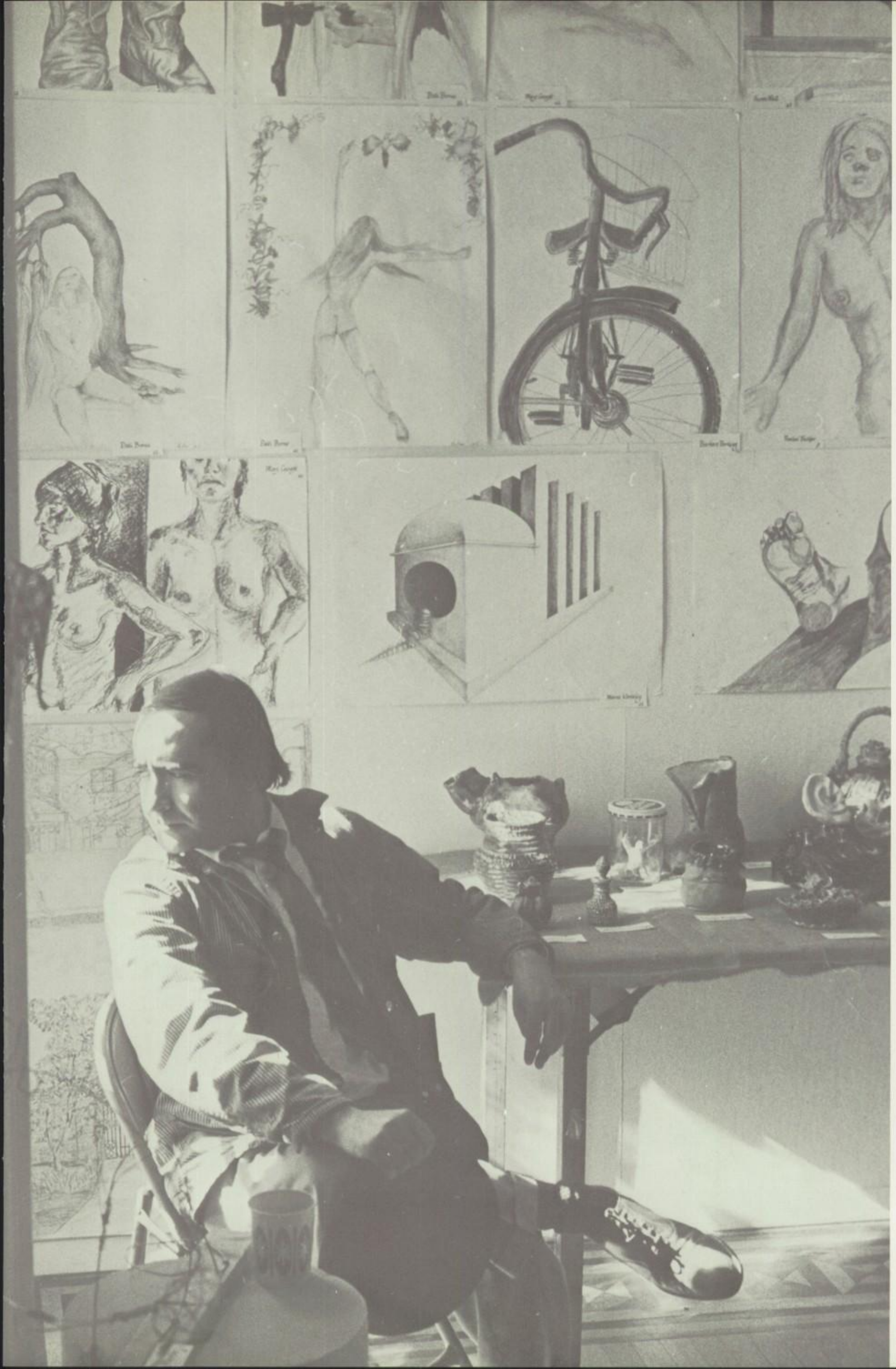

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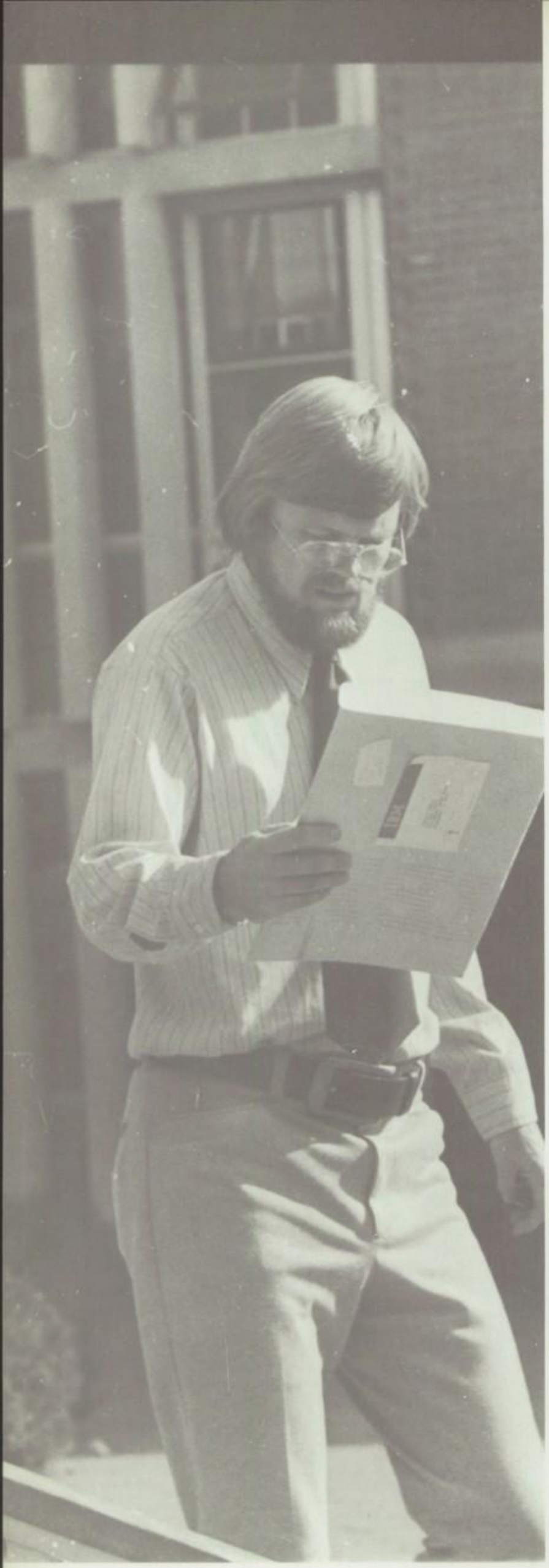

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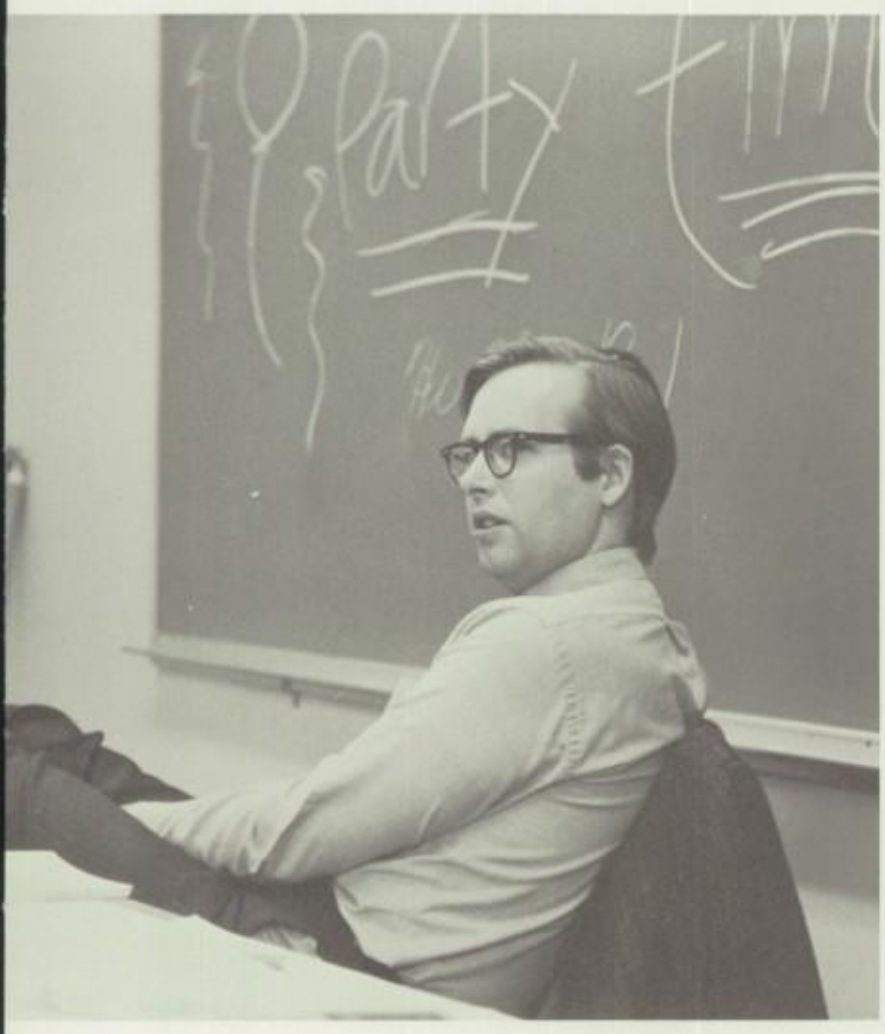

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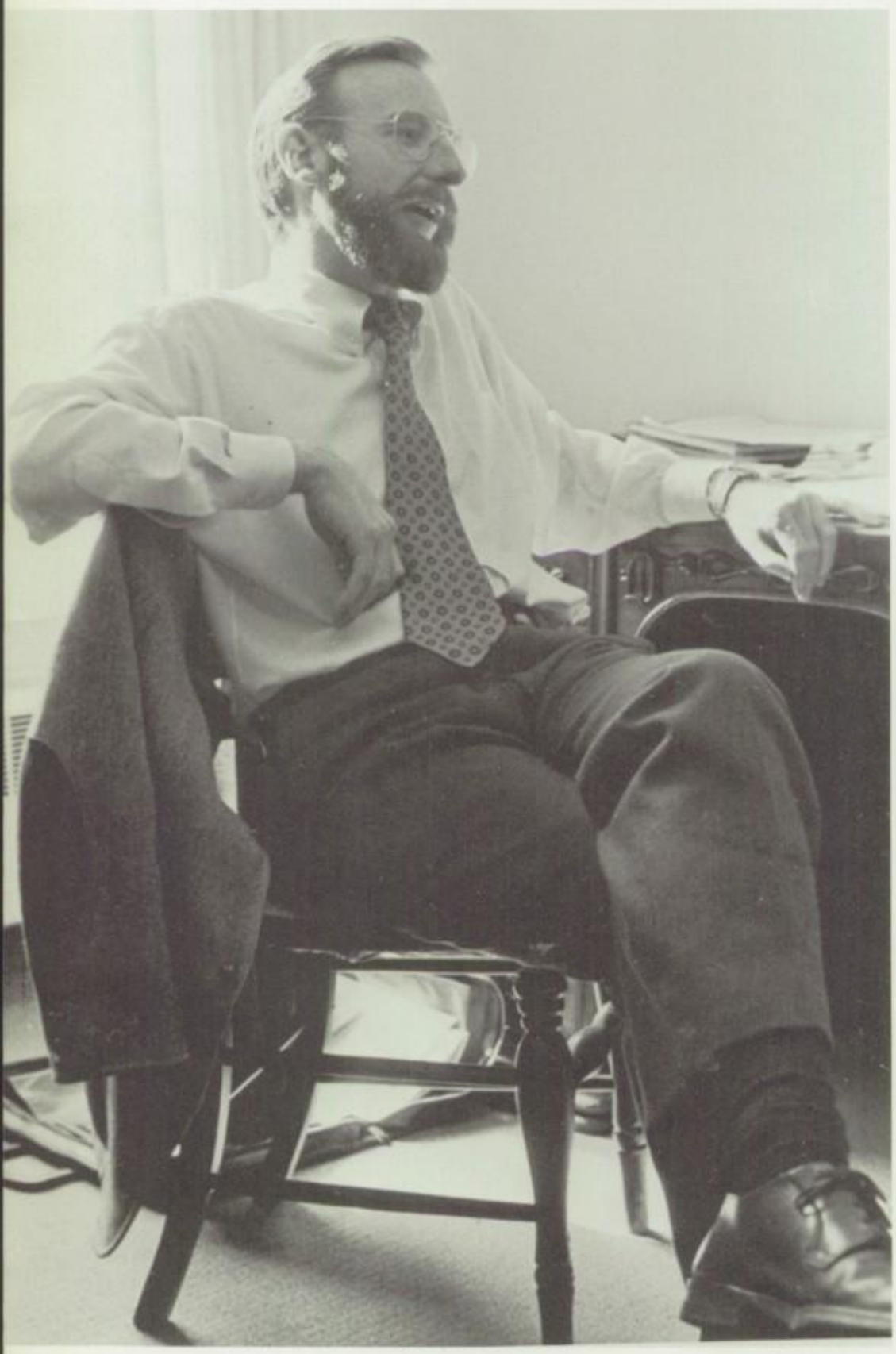

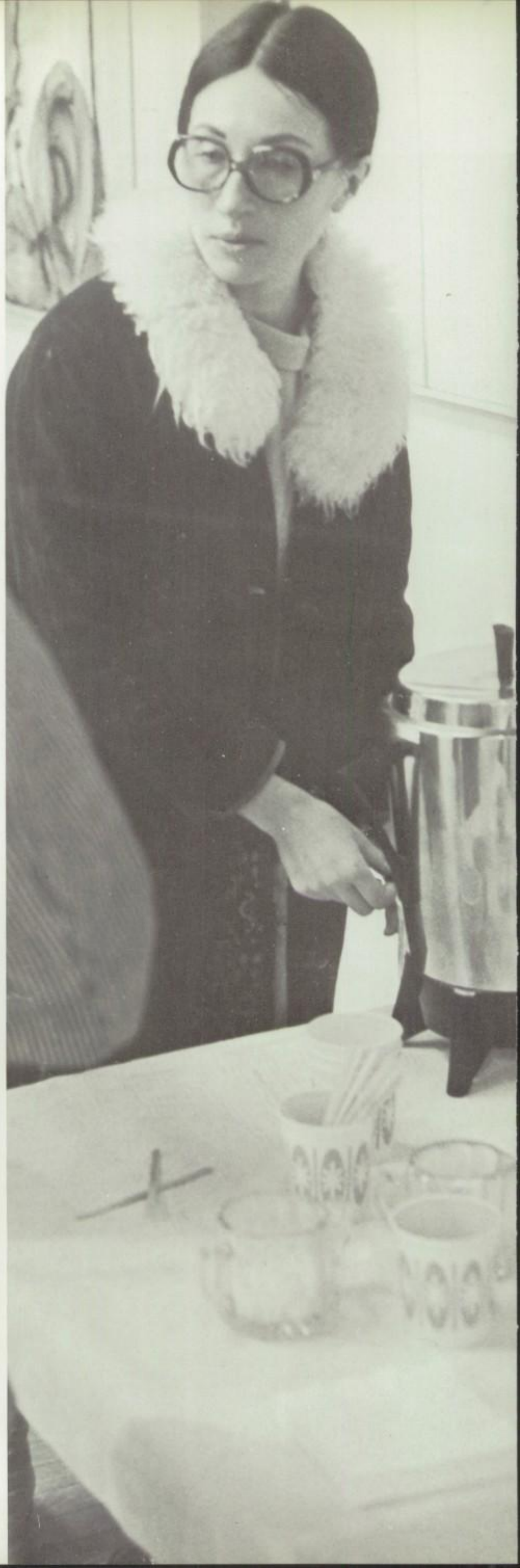

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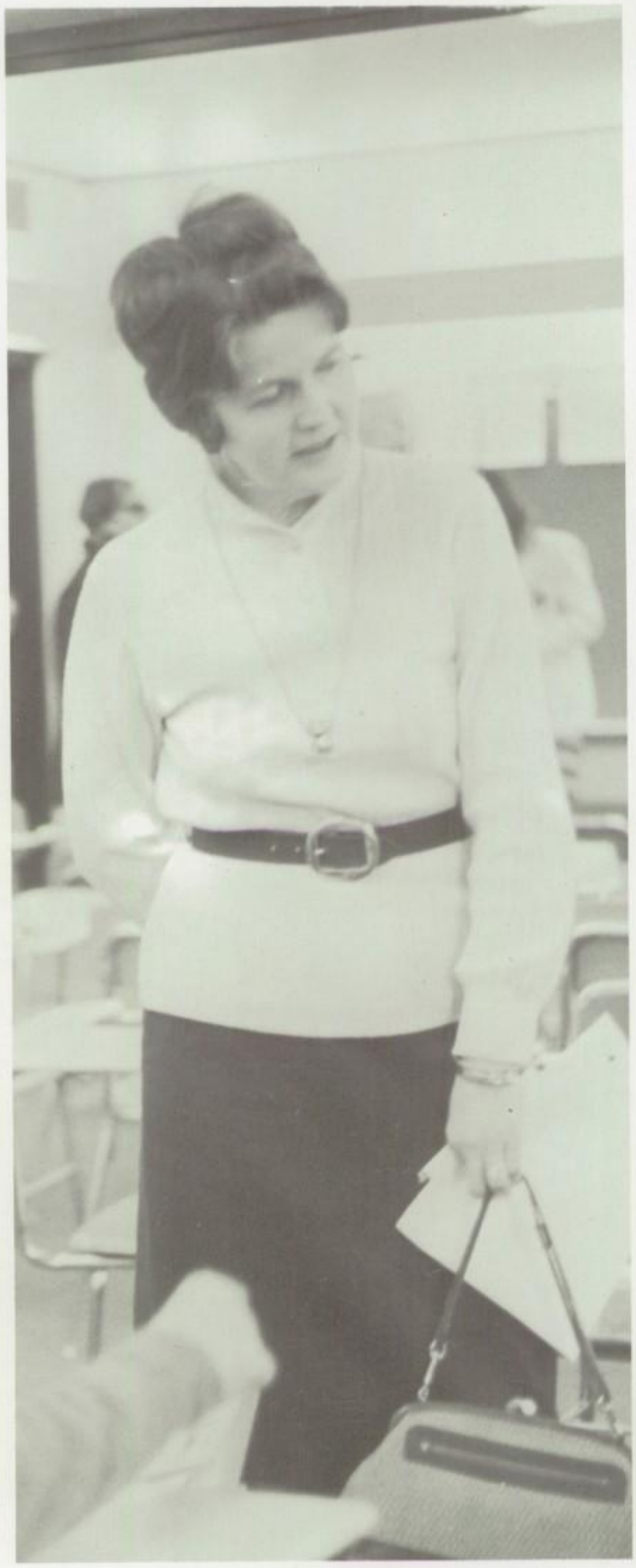

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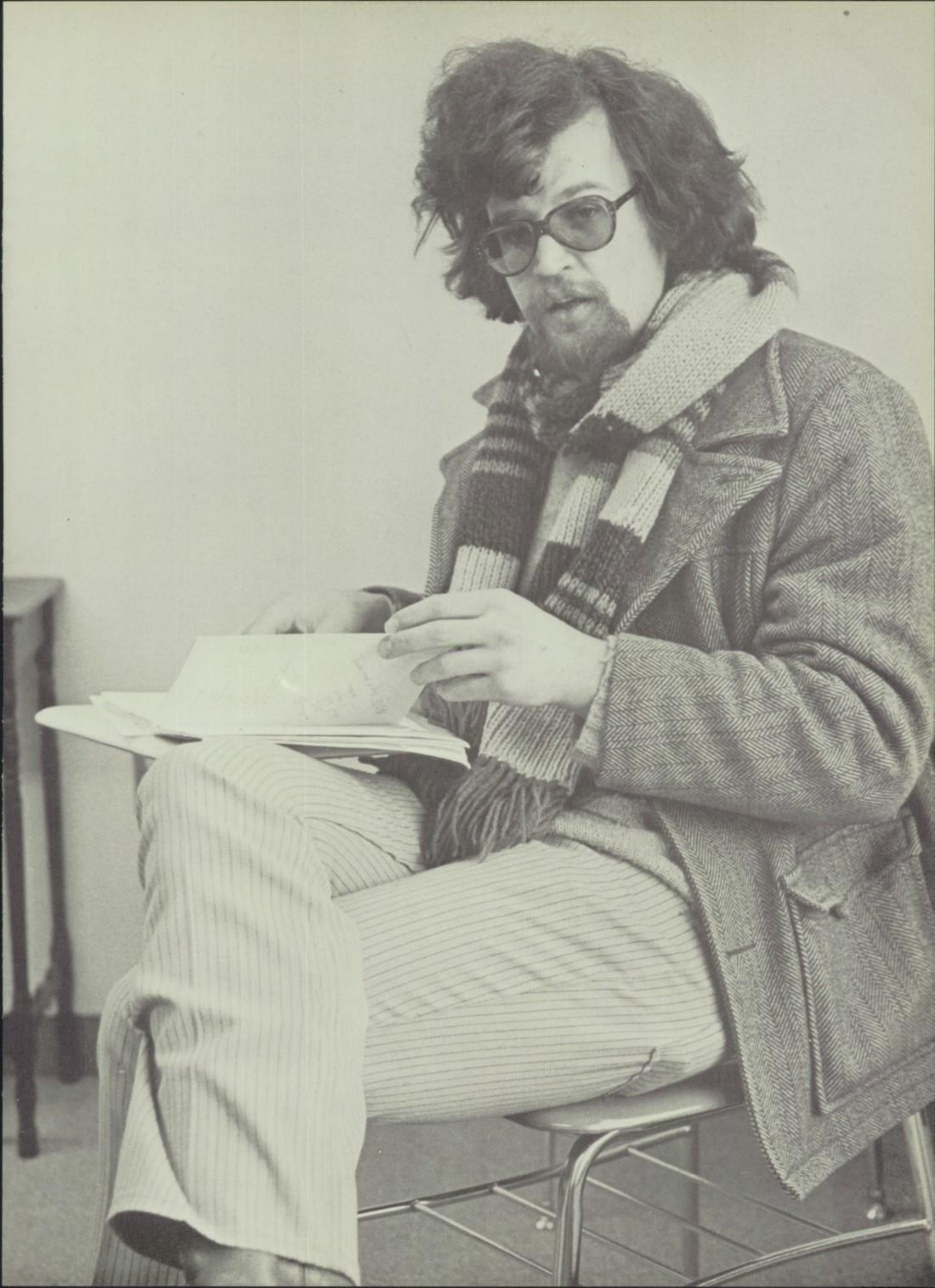

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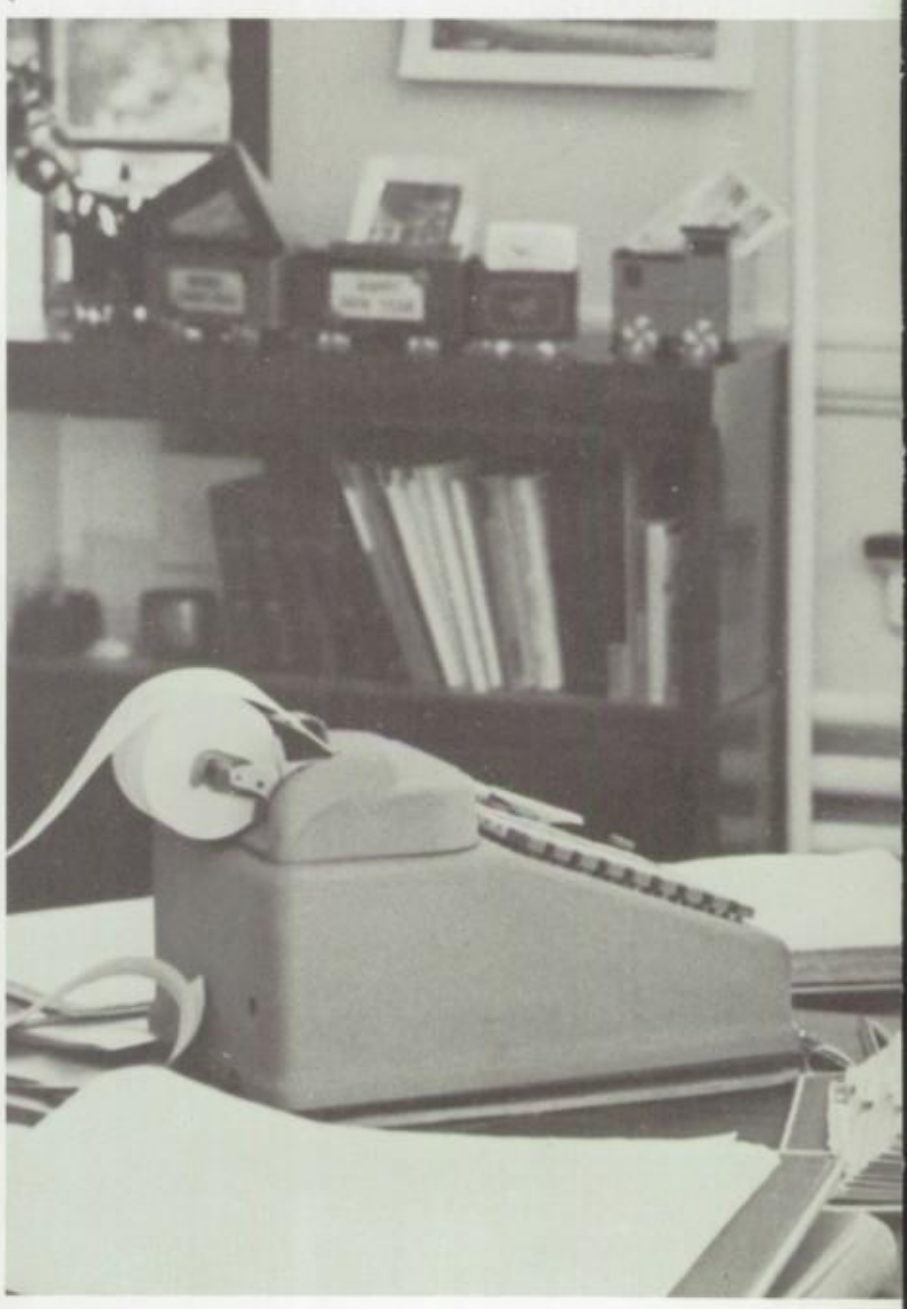

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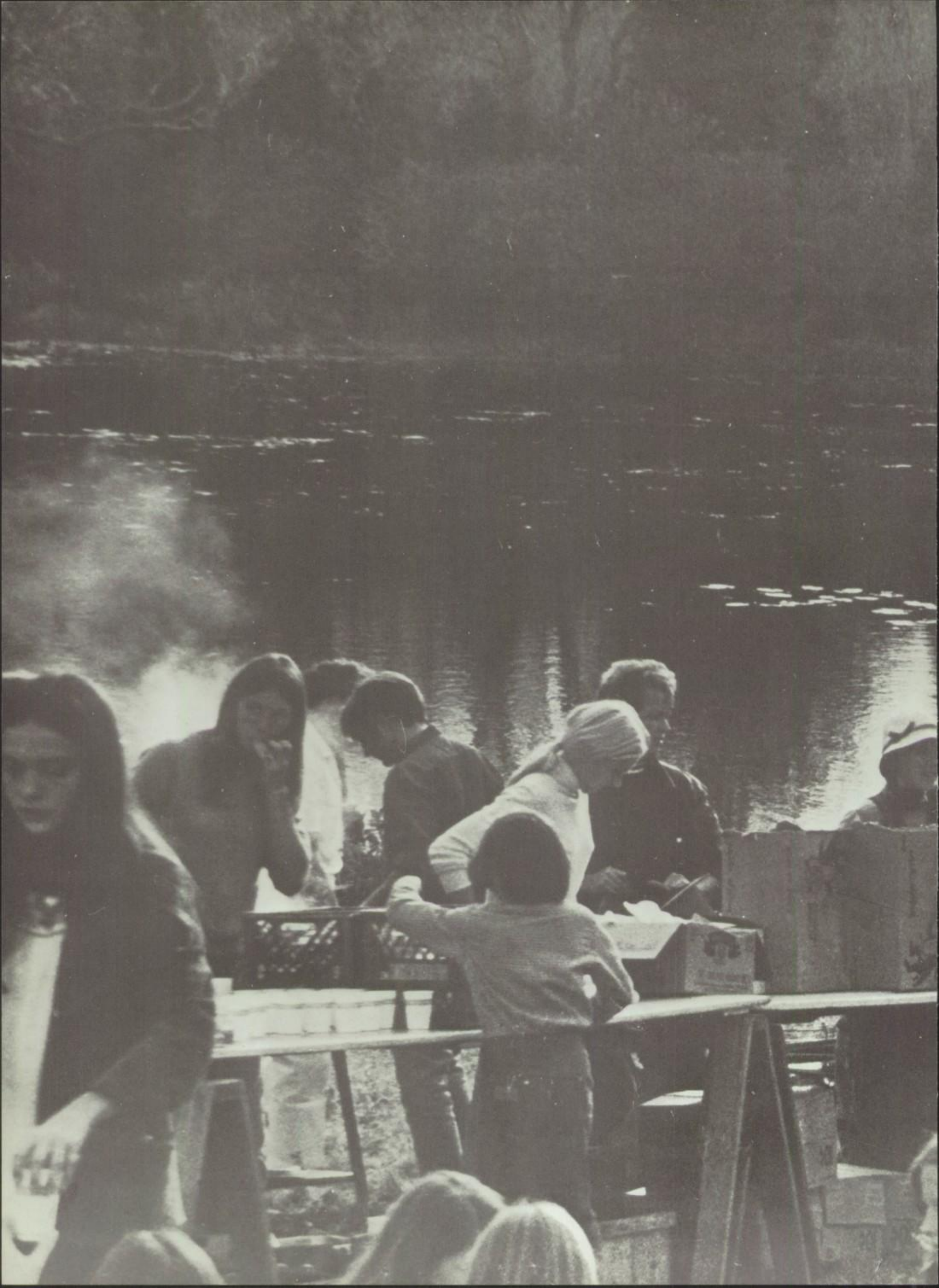

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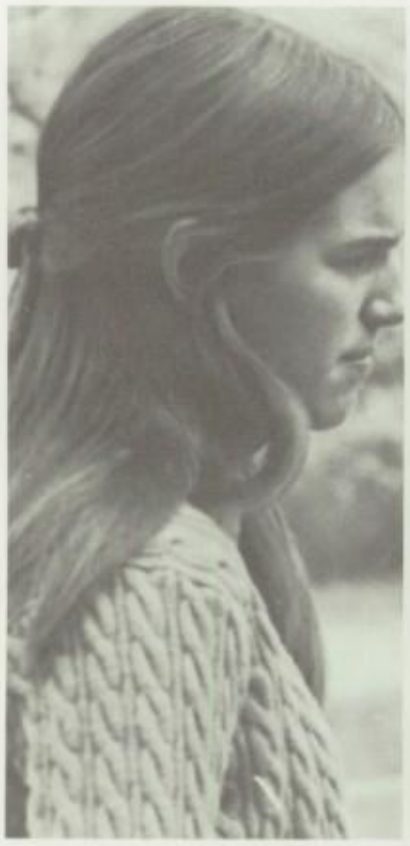
The sun is the thing, and when it begins to warm up the stones, the bricks, and the grass, we start moving outside. It wasn't hard to talk Mr. Maisterra into moving his classes outside because he could come up with a reason for it. Most of the other teachers were a different story though. But between classes we headed for the roof or the courtyard. It had been a long and dismal winter, hardly a flake of white stuff and certainly no snow days, so we looked forward to the best time of the year, and we began to realize that graduation was just around the corner.

One of the first things to happen in the spring is that seniors step out from under the burdens of responsibility and let juniors take over. After a long year on the Community council of tugging and pulling about significant things like pass-fail and about ridiculous things like uniform regulations, Nancy handed the president's gavel down to Karen Melikian.

Sometimes things went well and sometimes they didn't, but Phyllis managed to keep the House Council on an even keel until Lee Steppacher could take over for the coming year. Suki was replaced by Susan Odessa as head of the day students.



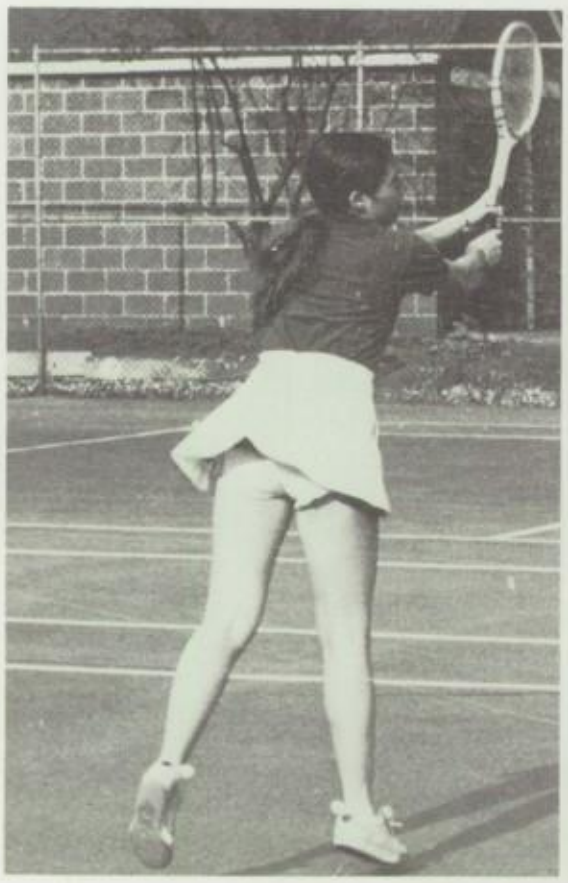
In early April we staged Social Service Week, and we were so successful that *The Spoke* did an editorial about a new kind of spirit around Wheeler. Under the leadership of Martha, we carried on for a week and raised over three hundred dollars for the Meeting Street School.

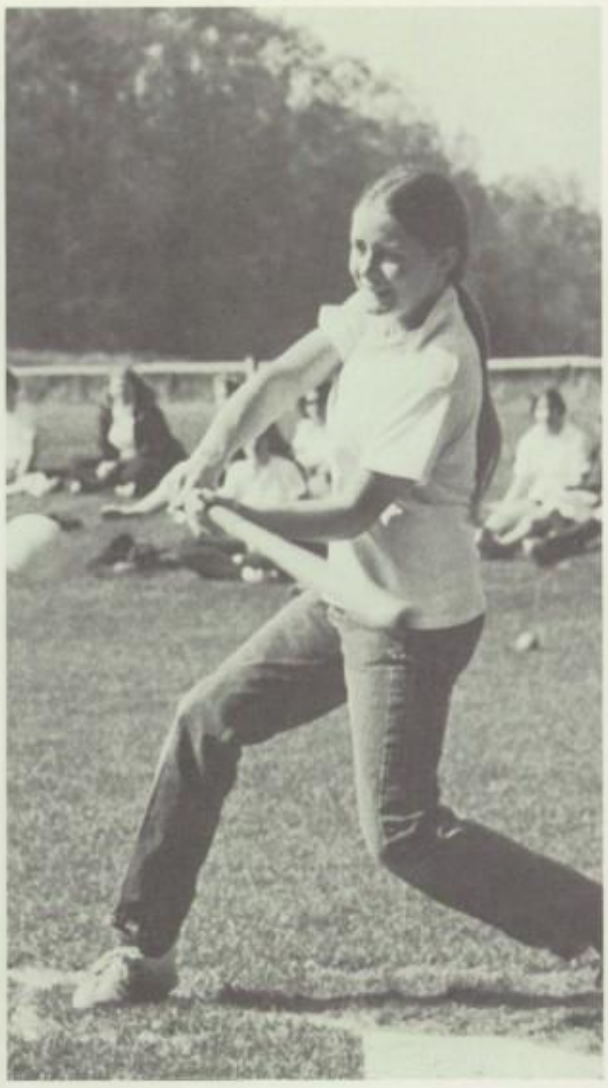
What we did was combine a lot of things so that on Monday night Karen and Kathy, who had spent most of the day buying cans and cans of tomatoes — sauce, paste, puree, and whole peeled — produced a spaghetti dinner that sold out and disappeared in a hurry. And by Friday Dee Dee, Sally, Sam, Mase, and all those other Purple, Gold, and A.A. people were directing the fun and games of Jubilee. After that the auction began. Students sold themselves as slaves, and faculty members sold dinners and picnics and such. Army offered a Red Sox game, all the hot dogs you could eat, and a tour of the city. The only trouble was it was all Pawtucket. Mr. Tuttle handled the hot and heavy bidding with his usual aplomb. On Saturday the sophomores raised some more dollars by setting up shop in the school parking lot and washing half the cars on the East Side.

As in other seasons, we did pretty well in sports during the spring — some might say sensationally. After the disappointment of finishing only fourth in the state basketball finals, we tore into spring. Only sailing bombed and that because rain washed out the schedule and also because someone lost the *Gyre's* film coverage. The undefeated softball team was quick, powerful, and confident. The 38-2 shellacking dealt to Lincoln was a not uncommon score. Wheeler's strong pitching from Kim Woodbridge and Dee Dee Wild along with its speedy infield of Barbara Pond, Sally Buxton, and Sam Theibert kept the opponents' scores down while balanced hitting and homerun-slugging from Dee Dee Cummings kept ours up. In a typical game against a tough Westport High School team, we were behind 7-1 at the end of five, but came back to win it 8-7.

The tennis team led by Julie Evrard, Jinx Howe, Winky Tingley, and Janie Gittleman, also finished undefeated, setting down ten teams in a row. And Julie copped two state titles in the process.

Considering that a shortage of opposition teams forced us to play teams like the one composed of amazons from the URT physical education department, we did well in lacrosse. A high powered attack and a ferocious defense bolstered by such stalwarts as Judy Bruno, Robin Connelly, Meg Cottam, Sarah Burns, and Heidi Winslow carried us to a 2-1-3 record for the season.





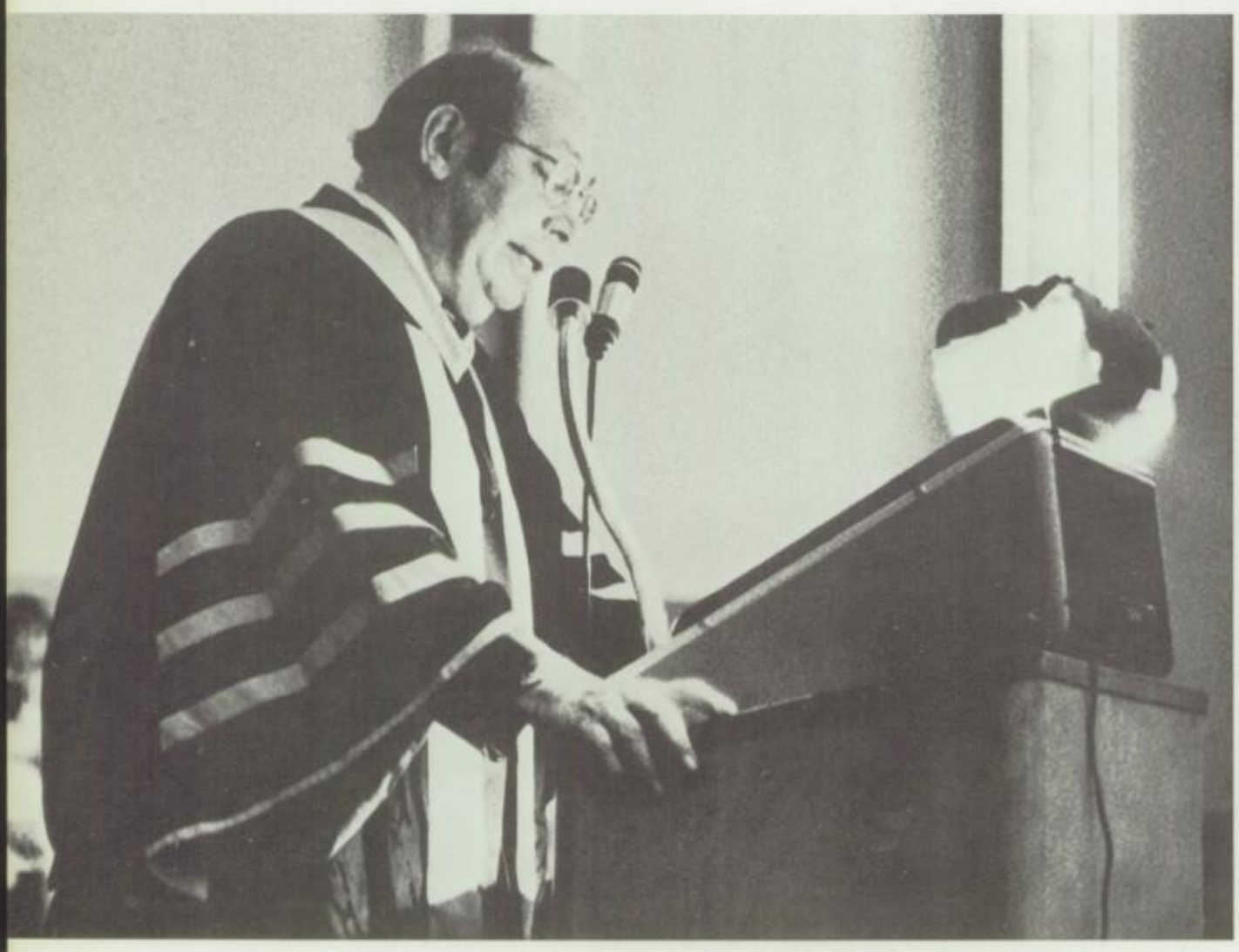
As usual, we did the May Day romp, getting out there in the early morning cold and dancing around the May Pole. For the first time in awhile, the juniors managed to unwind our streamers without ripping them all out. Mr. Beckford and Miss Kjoss-Hansen were our king and queen, and after coffee and doughnuts in the courtyard, we tried to talk them into granting us a holiday, without much luck.

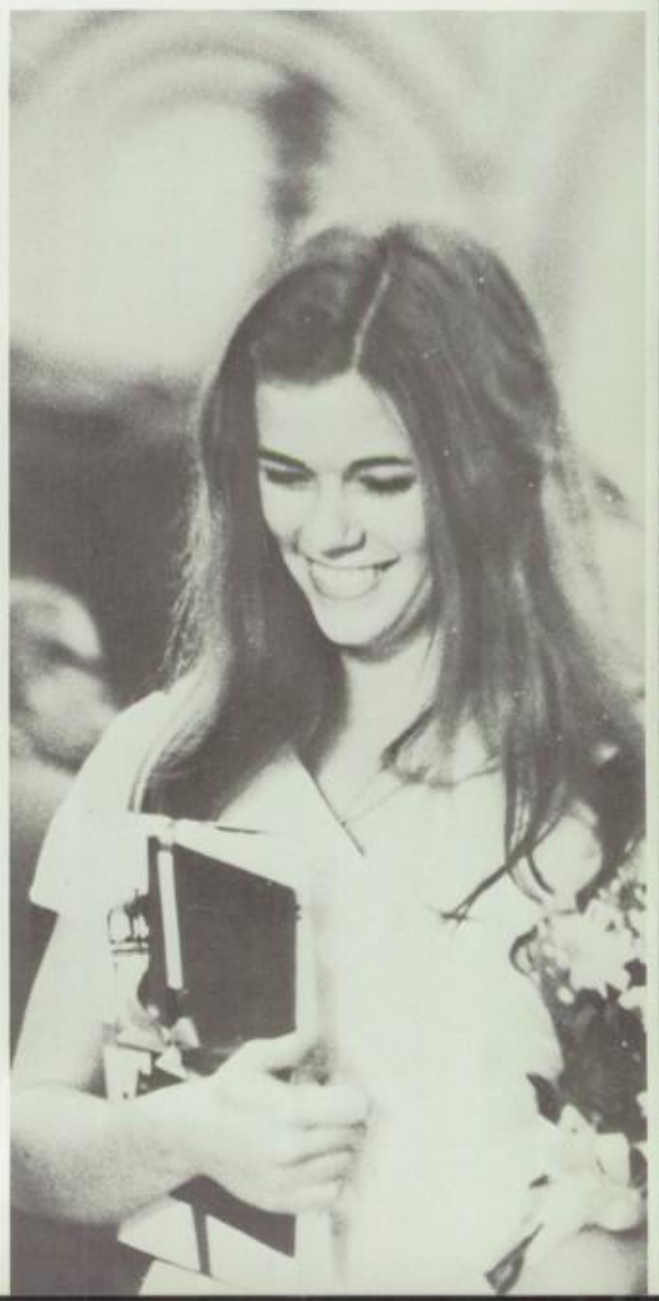
Around this time, a lot of us participated in an independent school art workshop in Newport. We showed our stuff, and our Glee Club sang, but the best part was seeing what other students do and getting a chance to see and try new techniques.

Field Day was much like any other. Rain threatened, but never actually came. We poured what we had into sports and games, and the Purples managed to nip the Golds. We ate some lunch and drank a lot of Coke which never seemed to beat the heat. We marched with the little kids. Once we got there, it was good.

Something a little new this year was the spring pageant, a kind of theater festival directed by Martha Chason as a part of her spring project. Suzanna Halpine, Suzie Christy, Abbey Weisberg, Mary K. Fox, Nooky Pagès, Betsy Miller, Sara Sinclair, and some others including some middle schoolers put on a collection of scenes in the courtyard ranging from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to *Lemonade.*

As time grew short, we gathered often, sometimes by ourselves and sometimes as a class. We wanted to finish it, but not before we had drawn every last drop from this part of our lives. We had our senior banquet, and at the farm we had a clambake for ourselves and the juniors. We gave them their class rings, and we handed down the awards we had accepted from last year's seniors it seemed only a few short moments ago.





There isn't much to say about graduation, mostly because it's too big. People kept saying that it would arrive sooner than we thought and it did. All of a sudden we were in a procession following a bagpiper to Central Congo. White dresses — faculty in caps and gowns. Professor Workman from the Brown Classics Department delivered an address. Amidst handclapping we received our diplomas from Mr. Madden and Mr. Vibert. Then in a whirl we were back in the courtyard trying to keep our underclass, teacher, and family friends separate so that we could say the good-byes that we knew, but didn't know, might be for a very long time and in some cases forever.

MOISTEN GLUE AND ST BOOK F C LET BOOK SET ONE HOUR TO SECURE STICKING
BE SURE GLUE IS MOISTENED EVENLY

Dear Fairy

Your personality, your poise, your understanding, your looks, your brains, your piano playing talents and many other characteristics of yours are what made me friendly with you. I'd am really going to be upset with you if you don't visit me in Fla. for more than a weekend! Remember always this lot of thing in the preceding paragraph - Washtell - Sophia, the blue hall, Yogi, Zeke - Dobermans. The part with Rachel and also the cemetary. I just want you to know that I will never forgive you for making me sleep in the bed by the door. I've had a lot of fun here in Narragansett and when we get up here with you and went to dances together. Hope you meet up with Joe Murphy again and Paul will stop pestering your life and give my best to all the chicks when you see them. Ginny you are one person I will never figure out if this puzzles you tough shit!

Love you and
see you in Fla or R.I.
sincerely,
Margie Jr.

P.S. I don't ever want to hear you swear - or be corrupted by Rachel as I was!

I never realized it before but your a little bit on the queer side. Hope you didn't tell anyone cause someday soon, most likely, you will get over it (I hope) & your boy doesn't have a sister. Give it to her telephone no. & address and our Mayke - I'll call you when we arrive at our new home. Well I'm getting hungry & maybe tonight at 12:00 I'll have crackers and butter. By the way Pawtucket water is good.